THE LADIES TRIALL.

ACTED
By both their Majeſties Servants
at the private houſe in
DRVRY LANE.

FIDE HONOR

LONDON,
Printed by E. G. for *Henry Shephard*, and are to be
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neare the Kings-head Taverne. 1639.

THE LADIES TRIAL.

To my Deſervingly-honoured,

IOHN WYRLEY Eſquire, and to the vertuous and right worthy Gentlewoman, Mrs MARY WYRLEY his wife,

This ſervice.

THE inequalitie of retribution turnes to a pitty, when there is not ability ſufficient for acknowledgement. Your equall reſpects may yet admit the readineſſe of *Endeavour*, though the very hazard in it, betray my *Defect*. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance, with the ſweetneſſe of your diſpoſitions; and can juſtly account, from the Nobleneſſe of them, an evident diſtinction betwixt *Friendſhip* and *Friends*. The latter (according to the practice of complement) are uſually met with; and often without *Search*: The other, many have ſearcht for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefite of the for-

tune; yet to you (*most equall Paire*) must remain the *Honour* of that *Bounty*. In presenting *this Issue* of some lesse serious houres to your tuition, I appeale from the severitie of *censure*, to the mercy of your *Iudgements*: and shall rate *It* at a higher value, than when *It* was mine own, if you onely allow *It* the favour of *Adoption*. Thus, as your happines in the fruition of each others love, proceeds to a *constancie*: so the truth of *mine*, shal appeare lesse un-shaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions.

IOHN FORD.

THE SCENE,

Genoa.

The Speakers.

Auria — *A noble Genoese.*
Adurni — *A young Lord.*
Aurelio — *Friend to Auria.*
Malfato — *A discontented Lover.*
Trelcatio, Martino — *Citizens of Genoa.*
Piero, Futelli — *Dependants on Adurni*
Guzman — *A Bragadotio Spaniard.*
Fulgoso — *An upstart Gallant.*
Benatzi — *Husband to Levidol. he.*

Spinella *Wife to Auria.*
Castanna *Her sister.*
Amoretta *A fantastick Mayd.*
Levidolche *A Wanton.*

PROLOGVE.

LAnguage and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That ſharply ſavours more of aire than earth,
Like Midwives, bring a Play to timely birth.

But wheres now ſuch a one? in which theſe three,
Are handſomely contriv'd? or if they bee,
Are underſtood by all who heare to ſee.

Wit, wit's the word in faſhion, that alone
Cryes up the Poet, which though neatly ſhowne,
Is rather cenſur'd often-times than knowne.

He who will venture on a jeſt, that can
Raile on anothers paine, or idlely ſcan
Affaires of ſtate, oh hee's the onely man.

A goodly approbation, which muſt bring
Fame with contempt, by ſuch a deadly ſting,
The Muſes chatter, who were wont to ſing.

Your favours in what we preſent to day,
Our fearleſſe Author boldly bids me ſay,
He tenders you no Satyr, but a play.

In which, if ſo he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
A' wiſhes yet a' had for your delight.

Mr. Bird.

THE LADIES TRIALL.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter PIERO *and* FVTELLI *at severall doores.*

PIERO.

A Ceomplished man of fashion.
FVT. The times wonder.
Gallant of gallants Genoas *Piero.*
PIE. Italies darling, Europes joy, and so forth,
The newest newes, un-vampt,
FVT. I am no foot-poast,
No pedlar of Aviso's, no monopolist
Of forged Corantos, monger of Gazets.
PIE. Monger of courtezans, fine *Futelli,*
In certaine kinde a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade, a taker up,
Rather indeede a knocker downe, the word

Will carry either sence but in pure earnest,
How trowles the common noyse?

FVT. *Auria* who lately
Wedded and bedded to the faire *Spinella*,
Tyred with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting to incite the Turkish pirats, in the service of the great Duke of Florence.

PIE. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.

FVT. Leaves her to buffet
Land pirats here at home.

PIE. Thats thou and I,
Futelli (sirrah) and *Piero*——blockhead
To runne from such an arme full of pleasures
For gaining, what? a bloudy nose of honour,
Most sottish and abominable.

FVT. wicked
Shamefull and cowardlie I will maintaine.

PIE. Is all my signiors hospitality
Huge banquetings, deepe revells, costly tapings
Shrunke to a cobbin, and a single welcome
To beverage and bisket.

FVT. Hold thy peace man.
It makes for us——he comes, lets part demurely.

Enter Adurni, and Auria.

AD. Wee wish thee (honoured *Auria*) life and safety,
Returne crownd with a victory, whole wreath,
Or triumph may advance thy countries glory,
Worthy your name and Ancestors.

AVR. My Lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action,
Deserving memory when I forget
Adurnis love and favour.

PIE. I present yee
My service for a farewell.

FVT. Let few words
Excuse all arts of complement.

FVL. For my owne part,
Kill or be kill'd, for theres the ſhort and long on't.
Call me your ſhadowes hinch-boy.

AVR. Gentlemen,
My buſineſſe urging on a preſent haſt,
Enforceth ſhort replie.

AD. Wee dare not hinder
Your reſolution winged with thoughts ſo conſtant.
All happineſſe.

PIE. PHVT. Contents.

AVR. So leave the winted people of the North,
The minutes of their ſummer, when the Sunne
Departing leaves them in Cold roabes of Ice,
As I leave Genoa, —— now appeares the obje&t
Of my apprentic'd hart, thou brineſt *Spinella*
A welcome in a farewell, ſoul.s and bodies
Are ſeverd for a time, a ſpan of time;
To joyne againe without all ſeparation,
In a confirmed unitie for ever.
Such will our next embraces be for life;
And then to take the wracke of our diviſions,
Will ſweeten the remembrance of paſt dangers,
Will faſten love in perpetuity,
Will force our ſl.epes to ſteale upon our ſtories.
Theſe daies muſt come, and ſhal without a cloud
Or night of feare, or envie: to your charge,
(*Trelavio* our good unkle) and the comfort
Of my *Spinella's* ſiſter, faire *Caſtanna*,
I doe intruſt this treaſure.

Enter Trelavio, Spinella, & Caſtanna.

TREL. I dare promiſe,
My husbandi g that truſt with truth and care.

CAST. My ſiſter ſhall to me ſtand an example,
Of powring free devotions for your ſafety.

AVRI. Gentle *Caſtanna*, thou art a branch of goodneſſe,
Growne on the ſelfe ſame ſtocke with my *Spinella*.
But why my deere, haſt thou lockd up thy ſpeech in ſo much ſilent ſadneſſe, oh at parting!

Belike one private whisper must bee sighd,
Vncle the best of peace enrich your familie,
I take my leave.

TREL. Blessings and health preserve yee. *Exit.*

AUR. Nay nay *Castanna*, you may hear our counsels
A while, you are designd your sisters husband,
Give me thy hand *Spinella*, you did promise,
To send me from you with more cheerefull lookes,
Without a grudge or teare, deed love you did.

SPI. What friend have I left in your absence?

AUR. Many thy vertues are, such friends, they cannot faile thee,
Faith, purity of thoughts and such a meekenesse,
As would force scandall to a blush. ——

SPI. Admit Sir,
The patent of your life should be calld in,
How am I left then to account with griefes;
More slav'd to pity then a broken heart? ——
Auria! soule of my comforts, I det fall
No eye on breach of fortune, I contemne
No entertainment to divided hopes;
I urge no pressures by the scorne of change;
And yet my *Auria*, when I but conceave
How easie tis (without impossibilitie)
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.

CON. And such conclusion sister
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntarie
then cause by likely hood.

AUR. Tis truth *Castanna*.

SPI. I grant it truth, yet *Auria* I am a woman;
And therefore apt to feare, to shew my dutie
And not take heart from you, Ile walke from yee;
At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poore looking backe.

AUR. I thanke thee,
My worthy wife! before we kisse, receave

This

This caution from thine *Auria*, first *Castanna*
Let us bid farewell.
Spi. Speake (good) speake,
Aur. the steps
Young Ladies tread left to their own discretion,
How ever wisely printed are observed
And construed as the lookers on presume,
Point out thy waies then in such even pathes,
As thine owne iealousies from others tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho undeserved.
Admit of visits as of Physicke fore'd
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickenesse in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest;
Appeare not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazers eye, or holla to report;
Some widdowed neglect of hand, some value
In recreations be both wise, and free,
Live still at home, home to thy selfe how-ere
Enricht with noble company, remember
A womans vertue in her life time, writes
The Epitaph all covet on their tombes,
In short I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lippes,
Thy husband at his parting stald this kisse.
No more.
Spi. Deere heaven I goe sister, goe. *Exit.*
Auri. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory to know mine, *Enter Aurelio.*
One of earths best I have forgone, —— see, see,
Yet in another I am rich; a friend,
A perfect one, *Aurelio.*
Aurel. Had I been,
No stranger to your bosome Sir, ere now
You might have sorted me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.

AUR. So the wrongs
I should have ventur'd on against thy fate
Must have deny'd all pardon, not to bold
Dispute with reputations, why before
This present instant I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from the Counsels, know
My wants doe drive me hence.

AUREL. Wants, so you say'd.
And 'twas not friendly spoken,

AUR. Heare me further.

AUREL. *Auria* take heed, the covert of a folly
Willing to range; be not without excuse
Discoverd in the coynage of untruths.
I use no harder language, thou art neare
Already on a ship-wrack in forsaking
The holy land of friendship in forsaking
To talke your wants. Fie.

AUR. By that sacred thing
Last issu'd from the Temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunke so low
In my estate, that bids me live in *Genoa*
But six moneths longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

AUREL Vmh.

AUR. In my Countrey, friend
Where I have sided my superiour friend
Swayd opposition, friend, friend here to fall
Subject to scorne, or rarely found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soule could beare,
A soule not stoop'd to servitude.

AUREL. Your shew, ——
Nor certaintie, nor weake assurance yet
Of reparation in this course: in case
Command be proffered.

AUR. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,

Or dye or live a slave without redemption.

AUREL. For that so, but you have a wife, a young,
A faire wife; she, though she could never claime
Right in prosperitie, was never temped
By triall of extreames, to youth and beauty,
Bayts for dishonour, and a perfect fame.

AURI. Shew me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speake, scarce thinke, such tyranny against
Spinellas constancie, except *Aurelio*
He is my friend.

AUREL. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like *Aurelio*, that *Aurelio*,
Who late and early, often tryd and truly,
Your marriage with *Spinella* would entangle
As much th'opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate, it hath done so to both.

AURI. I finde it hath.

AUREL. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection; but will meerly wed
A face because tis round, or limb'd by nature
In purest red and white, or at the best,
For that his mistresse owes an excellence
Of qualities, knowes when and how to speake,
Where to keepe silence, with fit reasons why,
Whose vertues are her onely dowre, else
In either kinde, ought of himselfe to master
Such fortunes as adde fuell to their loves
For otherwise: —— but herein I am idle,
Have foold to little purpose.

AURI. She's my wife.

AUREL. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the triall of her wits,
Her modestie, her innocence, her vowes.
This is the way that poynts her out an art
Of wanton life.

AURI. Sir, sayd yee?

AUREL,

AUREL. You forme reasons,
Iust ones, for your abandoning the stormes
Which threaten your owne ruine; but propose
No shelter for her honour; what my tongue
Hath utterd, *Auria*, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

AURI. Necessitie must arme my confidence,
Which if I live to triumph over, friend,
And ere come back in plentie, I pronounce
Aurelio heire of what I can bequeath.
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,
Allowd with caution, she be like to prove so.

AUREL. Who? I your heire? your wife being yet so young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

AURI. Believe it,
Without replies *Aurelio*: keepe this note,
A warrant for receiving from *Marsus*
Two hundred Ducats; as you finde occasion
Dispose them in my absence to *Spinella*.
I would not trust her uncle, hee good man,
Is at an ebbe himselfe, another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poore, *Aurelio*, now? exchange
Of more debates between us, would undoe
My resolution: Walke a little prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace: but let's not speake
Another word.

AUREL. Ile follow you to your horse. *Exit.*

Enter Adurni and Futelli. *A letter.*

ADUR. With her owne hand.

FUT. She never us'd my Lord,
A second meanes, but kist the letter first,
Orelookt the superscription: then let fall
Some amorous drops, kist it againe, talkt to it
Twentie times over, set it to her mouth,

Then

Then gave it me, then ſnatch'd it backe againe,
Then cryd, oh my poore heart, and in an inſtant
Commend my truth and ſecreſie, ſuch medly
Of paſſion yet, I never ſaw in woman.

Ad. In woman? th'art deceav'd; but that we both
Had mothers, I could ſay how women are,
In their owne natures, modells of meere change:
Of change of what is naught, to what is worſe,
She fed ye liberally.

Fut. Twenty ducates
She forcd on me, vowd by the pretious love
She bore the beſt of men, (I uſe my lord)
Her very words the miracle of men,
Malfato, (then ſhe ſigh'd) this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty,
Tis meant (my lord) be like preſſe mony.

Ad. Divell! how durſt ſhe tempt thee, *Futelli*, knowing
Thy love to me?

Fut. There lies (my lord) her cunning,
Rather her craft: firſt ſhe began what pitty
It was, that men ſhould differ in eſtates,
Without proportion ſome ſo ſtrangely rich,
Others ſo miſerable poore; and yet,
Quoth ſhe, ſince tis very deed unfit
All ſhould be equalls; ſo I muſt confeſſe
It were good juſtice that the propereſt men
Should be prefer'd to fortune, ſuch as nature
Had mark't with faire abilities of which
Genoa, for ought I know, hath wondrous few
Not two to boaſt of.

Ad. Here began her itch.

Fut. I anſwerd, ſhe was happy then, whoſe choice
In you, my lord, was ſingular.

Ad. Well urgd.

Fut. She ſmil'd, and ſaid, it might be ſo, and yet
There ſtopt: then I cloz'd with her, and concluded
The title of a lord was not enough,

For absolute perfection, I had seene
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in faire indowments; but your Lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.
Ad. And love thee for it.
Fut. Phew: let that passe (quoth she) and now wee prattle
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow,
Is he not, pray Sir, I had then the truth
Of what I rov'd at: and with more then praise,
Approv'd her judgement in so high a straine,
Without comparison (my honourd Lord)
That soone we both concluded of the man,
The match and businesse.
Ad. For delivering
A letter to *Malfato*.
Fut. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests,
(I did protest my Lord) of secresie,
And service, but she kiss me (as I live)
Of her owne free accord —— (I trust your lordship
Conceaves not me amisse) pray rip the seale
(My lord) youle finde sweet stuffe, I dare believe,
Ad. *Present to the most accomplisht* *Adurni reades.*
Of men, Malfato *with this*
Love a service.
Kind Superscription, prithee finde him out,
Deliver it with complement, observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.
Fut. will not your lordship peruse the contents?
Ad. enough I know too much be't ast, and cunning
A wanton Mistresse is a common sewer
Much never project labors in my braine ——
Your friend heres now the *Gemini* of wit
What od conceit is next on foot, some cast *Enter Piero.*
Of neate invention, ha sirs.
Pie. Very fine,

I doe proteſt my lord.
FUT. Your lordſhips eare ſhall ſhare ith' plot.
AD. As how?
PIE. You know my lord
Young *Amoretta*, old *Treleatio's* daughter
An honeſt man, but poore.
FUT. And my good lord,
He that is honeſt, muſt be poore, my lord,
It is a common rule.
AD. Well *Amoretta*,
Pray one at once my knowledge is not much,
Of her inſtruct me.
PIE. Speake *Futelli*.
FUT. Spare me.
Piero has the tongue more pregnant:
PIE. Fie play on your creature.
FUT. Shall be yours.
PIE. Nay good.
AD. Well keep your mirth, my dainty honies agree
Some two daies hence, till when——
PIE. By any meanes,
Partake the ſport, my lord, this thing of youth.
FUT. Hanſome enough, good face, quicke eye, well bred.
PIE. Is yet poſſeſt ſo ſtrangely.
FUT. With an humor of thinking, ſhe deſerves——
PIE. A Duke, a Count.
At leaſt a Viſcount, for her husband that——
FUT. She ſcornes all mention of a match beneath
One of the foreſaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroach without eight horſes.
PIE. Six, ſhe may be drawn to fower——
FUT. Are for the power,
But for two horſes in a coach——
PIE. She lies,
Th'are not for creatures of heavens making fitter——
FUT. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Then people chriſtian yet herſelfe——

PIE. Herſelfe walkes evermore a foot, and knowes not whether
A Coach doth trot or amble.
FUT. But by heare-ſay.
AD. Stop gentlemen, you run a gallop both:
Are out of breath ſure, tis a kinde of complement
Scarce entred to the times, but certainly
You coyne a humour, let me underſtand
Deliberately your fancie.
PIE. In plaine troath,
My *Lord*, the ſhe whom we deſcribe is ſuch,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this Citie,
This very citie, now, the very now.
AD. *Trelatios* daughter.
FUT. Has refuſed ſuiters
Of worthy ranke, ſubſtantiall and free parts.
Onely for that they are not Dukes, or Counts,
Yet ſhe herſelfe, with all her fathers ſtore,
Can hardly weigh above foure hundred Ducates.
AD. Now your deſigne for ſport.
PIE. Without prevention,
Guzman the Spaniard late caſheerd, moſt gravely
Obſerves the full punctilios of his nation,
And him have we beleagred to accoſt
This ſhee-peece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and couſin to twelve Princes.
FUT. For rivall unto whom we have enrag'd
Fulgoſo, the rich cox-combe lately ſtarted
A gentleman out of a Sutlers hut,
In the late Flemiſh warres, we have reſolvd him
He is deſcended from *Pantagruel*,
Of famous memory by the fathers ſide,
And by the mother from Dame *Fuſti-Bunga*,
Who troubled long time with a ſtrangury,
Vented at laſt ſalt-water ſo abundantly,
As drownd the land twixt *Sirixia* and *Vera*,
Where ſteeples tops are onely ſeene: her caſts
Beyond the Moone, and will be greater yet

In ſpight of Don.

Ad. You muſt abuſe the maid
Beyond amends.

Fut. But countenance the courſe
My Lord, and it may chance beſide the mirth,
To worke a reformation on the mayden,
Her fathers leave is granted, and thankes promiſ'd,
Our ends are harmleſſe trials.

Ad. I betray me ſecrets of ſuch uſe.

Ambo. Your Lordſhips humbleſt. *Exit.*

Enter Aurelio and Malfato.

Au. A Melancholy grounded, and reſolv'd,
Receiv'd into a habit, argues love,
Or deepe impreſſion of ſtrong diſcontents,
In caſes of theſe rarities a friend
Upon whoſe faith, and confidence, we may
Vent with ſecurity, our griefe becomes
Oft times the beſt Phyſition, for admit
Wee finde no remedy, we cannot miſſe
Adviſe in ſted of comfort, and beleeve
It is an eaſe, *Malfato*, to disburthen
Our ſoules of ſecret clogges, where they may finde
A reſt in pitty, tho not in redreſſe.

Mal. Let all this ſence be yielded to

Au. Perhaps you meaſure what I ſay, the common nature
Of an officious curioſity

Mal. Not I Sir.

Au. Or that other privat ends
Sift your retirements ——

Mal. Neither. *Enter Futelli.*

Fut. Under favour
Signior *Malfato*, I am ſent to crave
Your leiſure, for a word or two in private.

Mal. To me! your minde

Fut. This letter will informe ye.

Mal. Letter? howes this? whats here?

FUT. Speake yee to me ſir?
MAL. Brave riddle: Ile endevour to unfold it.
AU. How fares the Lord *Adurui*?
FUT. Sure in health ſir.
AUR. He is a noble Gentle-man; withall
Happy in his endevours: the generall voyce
Sounds him for courteſie, behaviour, language,
And every faire demeanor, an example:
Titles of honour adde not to his worth,
Who is himſelfe an honour to his titles.
MAL. You know from whence this comes.
FUT. I doe.
MAL. D'ee laugh!
But that I muſt conſider ſuch as Spaniels,
To thoſe who feed and cloath them, I would print
Thy pandariſme upon thy fore-head: there
Beare backe that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions, tell this Lord,
He ventur'd on a fooliſh policie,
In aiming at the ſcandall of my blood,
The tricke is childiſh, baſe, ſay baſe.
FUT. You wrong him.
AU. Be wiſe *Malfato*.
MAL. Say, I know this whore.
She who ſent this temptation, was wife
To his abuſed ſervant, and divore'd
From poore *Benarzi*, ſenceleſſe of the wrongs
That Madam *Levidolche* and *Adurui*
Might revell in their ſports without controule,
Secure, uncheckt.
AUR. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconſiderate.
MAL. I am
A gentleman free borne, I never wore
The raggs of any great mans lo'kes, nor fed
Upon their after-meales; I never crouche
Unto the offall of an Office prom'd

Reward for long attendance, and then miſt.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monſtrous big word Lord, and Gentleman,
More than the Title ſounds; for ought *I* learne,
The latter is as noble as the firſt,
I'me ſure more ancient.

Au. Let me tell you then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what,
Make all men equalls, and confound all courſe
Of order, and of Nature: this is madneſſe.

Mal. Tis ſo; and *I* have reaſon to be mad:
Reaſon *Aurelio*, by my truth and hopes.
This wit *Futells* brings a ſuit of love
From *Lenidolche*, one however maſkt
In colourable privacie, is fam'd
The Lord *Adurnes* penſioner, at leaſt.
Am I a husband pickt out for a ſtrumpet,
For a caſt ſuit of bawdrie? *Aurelio*,
You are as *I* am, you could ill digeſt
The triall of a patience ſo unfit.
Begone *Futells*, doe not mince one ſyllable
Of what you heare: another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: ſo ſay, be gone.

Fut. *I* ſhall report your anſwer. *Exit.*

Mal. What have *I*
Deſerv'd to bee ſo uſ'd? in colder blood
I doe confeſſe nobilitie requires
Dutie and love, it is a badge of vertue,
By action firſt acquir'd, and next in ranke
Vnto anoynted royaltie wherein
Have *I* neglected diſtance, or forgot
Obſervance to ſuperiours? ſure my name
Was in the note miſtooke.

Au. We will conſider the meaning of this myſtery.

Mal. Not ſo,
Let them feare bondage who are ſlaves to feare,
The ſweeteſt freedome is an honeſt heart. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Futelli and Guzman.

FVTELLI.

DExteritie and ſufferance, brave Don,
Are Engines the pure politicke muſt work with.
Guz. We underſtand.
Fut. In ſubtilties of warre,
(I talke t'ee now in your owne occupation,
Your trade, or what you pleaſe) unto a Souldier,
Surprizall of an enemy by ſtratagem,
Or down-right cutting throats is all one thing.
Guz. Moſt certaine: on, proceed.
Fut. By way of parallell,
You drill or exerciſe your company,
(No matter which for termes) before you draw
Into the field, ſo in the feats of Courtſhip,
Firſt choyce is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The ſet of lookes, the poſture of the beard,
Beſo las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ay mees.
Guz We underſtand all theſe: advance.
Fut. Then next,
Your enemy in face, your miſtreſſe (marke it):
Now you conſult either to skirmiſh ſlightly,
Thats careleſſe amors, or to enter battaile,
Then fall to open treatie, or to worke
By ſecret ſpies or gold: here you corrupt
The Chamber-mayd, a fatall engine, or
Place there an Ambuſcado, thats contract
With ſome of her neere friends, for halfe her portion,
Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon ſlaughter, tis a noble treachery,
Thats ſweare and lye, ſteale her away: and to her

Caſt

Caſt caps, and cry *Victoria*, the field's
Thine owne (my Don) ſhee's thine.
Guz. We doe vouchſafe her.
Fut. Hold her then faſt.
Guz. As faſt as can the armes
Of ſtrong imagination hold her.
Fut. No, ſh'as skipt your hold, my imaginations eyes
Perceives ſhe not endures the touch or ſent
Of your war-over-worne habiliments,
Which I forgot in my inſtructions
To warne you of, therefore my warlicke Don,
Apparrell ſpeedily your imagination
With a more courtly out-ſide.
Guz. Tis ſoone done.
Fut. As ſoone as ſayd, in all the cloathes thou haſt,
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.
Guz. Imagine firſt our rich Mockado doublet,
VVith our cut cloath of gold ſleeves, and our quellio,
Our Diamond buttond Callamancho hoſe,
Our plume of Oſtrich, with the embroydred ſcarfe
The Dutcheſſe Infanta ſgo rowld our arme in.
Fut. *I* this is brave indeed.
Guz. Our Cloake whoſe cape is
Larded with pearles, which the Indian lacquies
Preſented to our countrey-man *De Cortez*,
For ranſome of his life, rated in value
At thirteene thouſand piſtolets, the guerdon
Of our atchievement, when wee reſcued
The Infanta from the Bore in ſingle duell,
Neere to the Auſtrian forreſt with this rapier,
This onely, very, naked, ſingle rapier.
Fut. Top and top-gallant brave,
Guz. VVe will appeare
Before our *Amoretta* like the iſſue
Of our progenitors.
Fut. Imagine ſo,
And that this rich ſute of imagination,

Is on already now (which is moſt probable
As that apparell) here ſtands your *Amurath*,
Make your approach and court her.
Guz. Luſtre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender ſoule with horrour,
We may diſcend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whiſpers fitting Ladies cloſſets, for
Thunder of cannon, roaring ſmoake and fire,
As if hells maw had vomited confuſion,
The claſh of ſteele, the neighs of barbed Steeds,
Wounds ſpouting blood, townes capering in the ayre,
Caſtles puſhd downe, and Cities plowd with ſwords,
Become great *Guzmans* Oratory beſt,
Who tho victorious, and during life
Muſt be: yet now grants parley to thy ſmiles.
Fut. S'foot, Don, you talke too big, you make her tremble,
Doe you not ſee't imaginarily?
I doe as plainely as you ſaw the death
Of the Auſtrian Bore, ſhe rather heares
Of feaſting then of fighting, take her that way.
Guz. Yes we will feaſt my queene, my empreſſe ſaint,
Shal't taſt no delicates but what are dreſt
With coſtlier ſpices then the Arabian bird
Sweetens her funerall bed with, we will riot
With every change of meates; which may renue
Our bloud unto a ſpring, ſo pure, ſo high,
That from our pleaſures ſhall proceede a race
Of ſcepter-bearing princes, who at once
Muſt raigne in every quarter of the globe.
Fut. Can more be ſaid by one that feeds on herring
And garlicke conſtantlie?
Guz. Yes we will feaſt.
Fut. Enough, ſhes taken, and will love you now,
As well in buffe, as your imagin'd bravery,
Your dainty ten times dreſt buffe, with this language
(Bould man of armes) ſhall win upon her, doubt not
Beyond all ſilken puppetry, thinke no more

Of your mockadoes, calaminchaes, quellios,
Pearle larded capes and diamond buttond breeches,
Leave ſuch poore out-ſide helpes to puling lovers,
Such as *Fulgoſo* your weake rivall is,
That ſtarveling braind-companion appeare you
At firſt (at leaſt) in your owne warlike faſhion:
I pray be rul'd, and change not a thred about you.

Guz. The humour takes (for I ſir, am a man
Affects not ſhifts) I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why ſo you carry her from all the world,
Ime proud my ſtarres deſigned me out an inſtrument
In ſuch an hie imploiment.

Guz. gravely ſpoken,
You may be prowd ont ——

Enter Fulgoſo, and Piero.

Ful. What is loſt is loſt,
Money is traſh, and Ladies are et cætera's,
Play's play; luck's lucke, fortunes an I know what,
You ſee the worſt of me, and whats all this now?

Pie. A very ſparke (I vow) you will be ſtil'd,
Fulgoſo the invincible, but did
The faire *Spinella* looſe an equall part
How much in all d'ee ſay?

Ful. Bare threeſcore duckets,
Thirty a peece, we needs not care who know it
She plaid, I went her halfe walkd by and whiſtled
After my uſuall manner thus---- unmoved *Whiſtles.*
As no ſuch thing had ever beene as it were, —
Altho I ſaw the winners ſhare my money
His lordſhip, and an honeſt gentleman
Purſ'd it, but not ſo merrily as I
Whiſtled it off..... whiſtles

Pie. A noble confidence.

Fut. Dee note your rivall.

Guz. With contempt I doe.

Ful. I can forgoe things neerer then my gold,

Allyd to my affections, and my bloud;
Yea honour, as it were, with the ſame kinde.
Of careleſſe confidence, and come off fairely
Too as it were.

PIE. But not your love, *Fulgoſo.*

FUL. No, ſhees inherent, and mine owne paſt looſing.

PIE. It tickles me to thinke with how much ſtate,
You, as it were, did runne at tilt in love
Before your *Amoretta.*

FUL. Broke my lance.

PIE. Of wit, of wit.

FUL. I meane ſo as it were
And laid flat on her backe, both horſe and woman.

PIE. Right as it were.

FUL. What elſe man, as it were.

GUZ. Did you doe this to her, dare you to vant
Your triumph we being preſent? um, ha, um.

Fulgoſo whiſtles the Spaniſh Pavin.

FUT. What thinke you Don, of this brave man?

GUZ. A ma ?
It is ſome truſſe of reeds, or empty caske,
In which the winde with whiſtling ſports it ſelfe

FUT. Beare up Sir, hees your rivall, budge not from him
An inch, your grounds are honor.

PIE. Stoutly ventured, Don, hold him too't.

FUL. proteſt a fine conceit,
A very fine conceite, and thus I tould her,
That for mine owne part, if ſhee lik'd me, ſo,
If not, no'; for my ducke or do ſaid I,
It is no fault of mine, that I am noble,
Grant it; another may be noble too,
And then wee'r both one noble better ſtil
Habs-nabs good wincke and chooſe, if one muſt have her,
The other goes without her, beſt of all,
My ſpirit is too high, to fight for woman,
I am too full of mercy to be angrie,
A fooliſh generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat I'me, ime reſolvd.

Guz. Haſt thou a ſpirit then ha? ſpeakes thy weapon
Toledo language, Bilbo, or dull Piſa?
If an Italian blade, or ſpaniſh mettall,
Be briefe, we challenge anſwer.
Fut. Famous Don.
Ful. What does he talke? my weapon ſpeakes no language,
Tis a dutch iron trunchion.
Guz. Dutch?
Ful. And if need be,
Twill maule one's hide, in ſpight of who ſaies nay
Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard, hold me.
Ful. Hold mee too
Sirrah if th'art my friend, for I love no fighting,
Yet hold me leaſt in pitty I flie off,
If I muſt fight, I muſt; in a ſcurvie quarrell
I defie hees and ſhees, twit me with dutch?
Hang dutch and french, hang ſpaniſh and Italians,
Chriſtians and Turkes pew-waw; all's one to me,
I know whats what, I know on which ſide
My bread is butterd.
Guz. Butterd? dutch againe?
You come not with intention to affront us.
Ful. Front mee no fronts, if thou beeſt angrie ſquable
Heeres my defence, and thy deſtruction —— whiſtles a charge
If friends ſhake hands, and goe with me to dinner.
Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth reliſh,
The Cavaleiro treates on termes of honor,
Peace is not to be haulkd on faire conditions.
Fut. Still Don is Don the great.
Pie. He ſhewes the greatneſſe
Of his vaſt ſtomach in the quicke embracement
Of thothers dinner.
Fut. Twas the ready meanes to catch his friendſhip.
Pie. Yare a paire of worthies,
That make the nine no wonder.
Fut. Now ſince fate
Ordaines that one of two muſt be the man,

The man of men which muſt enjoy alone
Loves darling *Amoretta*, both take liberty
To ſhew himſelfe before her, without croſſe
Of interruption, one of tother: he
Whoſe ſacred myſtery of earthly bleſſings
Crownes the purſuit; be happy.

PIE. And till then, live brothers in ſocietie.

GUZ. We are faſt.

FUL. *I* vow a match: Ile feaſt the Don to day
And faſt with him to morrow.

GUZ. Faire conditions.

Enter Adurni, Spinella, Amoretta, Caſtianna.

AD. *Futelli* and *Piero*, follow ſpeedily.

PIE. My Lord we wait yee.

FUT. We ſhall ſoone returne. *Exeunt.*

FUL. Whats that? I ſaw a ſound.

GUZ. A voyce for certaine.

FUL. It nam'd a Lord,

GUZ. Here are Lords too, we take it,
We carry blood about us, tich and haughty,
As any the twelve *Ceſars*.

FUL. Gulls or Mogulls,
Tag, rag, or other, Hoger-Mogen vanden
Skip-Iacks, or Chonſes. Whoo! the brace are flincht,
The paire of ſhavers are ſneakt from us, Don.
Why? what are we?

GUZ. The valiant will ſtand too't.

FUL. So ſay I, we will eate and drink, and ſquander,
Till all doe ſplit againe.

GUZ. March on with greedineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Martino and Levidolche.

MAR. You cannot anſwer what a generall tongue
Objects againſt your folly, I may curſe

The intereſt you lay claime to in my blood,
Your mother my deere neece did die, I thought
Too ſoon, but ſhe is happy, had ſhe liv'd;
Till now, and knowne the vanities of your life
Hath dealt in, ſhe had wiſht herſelfe a grave
Before a timely houre.

LEV. Sir, conſider,
My ſex, were I mankinde, my ſword ſhould quit
A wounded honour, and repreave a name
From injury, by printing on their boſomes
Some deadly Character, whoſe drunken ſurfets
Vomit ſuch baſe aſperſions, as I am
Scorne and contempt is vertue: my deſert
Stands far above their malice.

MAR.. *Levidolche*, hypocriſie puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature: call to minde,
How in your girles dayes you fell forſooth
In love, and married, married (harke ye) whom,
A trencher-waiter, ſhrewd preferment: but
Your childhood then excuſ'd that fault: for ſo
Footmen have run away with luſty heires,
And ſtable-grooms reacht to ſome fair ones chambers.

LE. Pray let not me be bandied ſir, and baffaild
By your intelligence.

MAR. So toucht to the quicke,
Fine miſtreſſe, I will then rip up at length
The progreſſe of your infancie, in colour
Of diſagreement you muſt be divorc'd,
Were ſo, and *I* muſt countenance the reaſons
On better hopes *I* did, nay tooke you home,
Provided you my care, nay juſtified
Your alteration, joyd to entertaine
Such viſitants of worth and ranke, as tendred
Civill reſpects; but then, even then---

LEV. What then?
Sweet unkle doe not ſpare me.

MAR. *I* more ſhame

To ſeare my hoſpitality was bawd
And (name it ſo) to your unchaſte deſires,
Then you to heare and know it.
LEV. Whoſe whore am I?
For thats your plaineſt meaning.
MAR. Were you modeſt,
The word you utterd laſt would force a bluſh.
Adurni is a bounteous Lord, tis ſayd,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberall purchaſer, a' wriggles in
To Ladies pleaſures by a right of penſion;
But you know none of this:
You are growne a Taverne talke,
Matter for Fidlers ſongs, I toyle to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation, even this morning
Before the common Councell, young *Malfato*
Convented for ſome lands he held; ſuppoſ'd
Belong'd to certaine Orphans, as I queſtion'd
His tenure in particulars, he anſwerd,
My worſhip needed not to flaw his right:
For if the humour held him, he could make
A joynture to my over-living Neece,
Without oppreſſion, bad me tell her too,
She was a kinde young ſoule, and might in time
Be ſued to by a loving man, no doubt.
Here was a jolly breakfaſt.
LEV. Uncles are priviledged
More than our parents, ſome wiſe man in ſtate
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge ſir,
Whiles all the policie for publicke buſineſſe,
Was ſpent --- for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave diſcourſe; but by your leave,
I from a ſtrangers table rather wiſh
To earne my bread, than from a friends by gift,
Be daily ſubject to unfit reproofes.
MAR. Come, come, to the poynt.

LEV. All the curſes
Due to a raviſher of ſober truth,
Dambe up their graceleſſe mouthes.
MAR. Now you turne rampant,
Iuſt in the wenches trimme and garbe, theſe prayers
Speake your devotions purely.
LEV. Sir, alas,
What would you have me do? *I* haue no Orators,
More than my teares, to plead my innocence,
Since you forſake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open eare againſt my honeſt fame.
Would all their ſpight could harry my contents
Unto a deſperate ruine; Oh deare goodneſſe,
There is a right for wrongs.
MAR. There is, but firſt
Sit in commiſſion on your owne defects,
Accuſe your ſelfe: be your owne Iury, Iudge,
And executioner, *I* make no ſport
Of my vexation.
LEV. All the ſhort remaines
Of undefired life, ſhall onely ſpeake
The extremitie of penance: your opinion
Enjoynes it too.
MAR. Enough; thy teares prevaile
Againſt credulity.
LEV. My miſeries,
As in a glaſſe, preſent me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.
MAR. No more——— *Trelcatio*,
Some buſineſſe ſpeeds you hither.
TREL. Happy newes,
Signior *Martino*, pray your eare; my nephew
Auria hath done brave ſervice: and I heare
(Lets be exceeding private) is returnd
High in the Duke of Florences reſpects,
Tis ſayd, but make no words that a' has ſirkt
And mumbl'd the roguie-Turkes.

Enter Trelcatio. A letter.

MAR. Why would you know
His merits ſo unknowne?
TREL. I am not yet
Confirmd at full, withdraw, and you ſhall read
All what this paper talkes.
MAR. So; *Levidolebs*, you know our minde,
Be cheerefull, come *Trelcatio*,
Cauſes of joy or griefe, do ſeldome happen
Without companions, neere thy reſolutions
Have given an other birth to my contents, *Exit.*
LE. Even ſo, wiſe uncle, much good doe ye — diſcoverd!
I could flie out, mix vengeance with my love,
Unworthy man *Malfato*, my good Lord
My hot in bloud, rare Lord, growes could too, well
Riſe dotage into rage, and ſleep no longer;
Affection turned to hatred, threatens miſchiefe. *Exit.*

Enter Piero, Amoretta, Futilli, and Caſtana.

PIE. In the next gallory you may behold
Such living pictures Lady, ſuch rich pieces,
Of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, that you'd think
They breath, and ſmile upon yee.
AMO. Ha, they crownthes,
Great crownthes oth gold upon their headthes.
PIE. Pure gold,
Drawne all in ſtate.
AMO. How many horthes pray
Are ith their Chariots?
PIE. Sixteene, ſome twenty.
CAST. My ſiſter wherefore left we her alone?
Where ſtaies ſhe gentlemen?
FUT. Viewing the roomes,
Tis like youle meet her in the gallery.
This houſe is full of curioſities,
Moſt fit for Ladies ſights.
AMO. Yeth, yeth, the thight

Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

CAST. Good, let us finde her.

PIS. Sweet Ladies this way; see the doores sure.

FUT. Doubt not. *Exit.*

SONG.

Enter Adurni, and Spinella.

PLeasures, Beauty, Youth attend yee.
Whiles the spring of nature lasteth,
Love and melting thoughts attend yee
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacie invite.
Doe doe! be kind as faire,
Loose not opportunity for ayre.
She is cruell that denies it,
Bountie best appeares in granting,
Stealth of sport as soone supplies it,
Whiles the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of blisse,
When each whisper proves a kisse.
In the game are felt no paines,
For in all the looser gaines.

AD. Plead not faire creature without sence of pity
So incompassionatly gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more then pure obedience,
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph by your all-commanding beauty,
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigor of an uncontrouled passion,
The tyrannie of thoughts consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours,
Thus may you yield and conquer.

SPI. Doe not study
(My Lord) to apparrell folly in the steed
Of costly colours, henceforth cast off farre

Far from your nobleſt nature, the contempt
Of goodneſſe, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchaſe of a life to grace your ſtory.
AD. Deare, how ſweetly
Reproofe droopes from that baulmy ſpring your breath,
Now could I read a lecture of my griefes
Un-earth a mine of Jewells at your foote,
Command a golden ſhower to raine downe,
Impoveriſh every Kingdome of the eaſt,
Which traffickes richeſt cloathes, and ſilkes; would you
Vouchſafe one, unſpleend chiding to my riot,
Elſe ſuch a ſacrifice can but beget
Suſpition of returnes, to my devotion,
In mercenary bleſſings, for that ſaint
To whom I vow my ſelfe, muſt never want
Fit offerings to her altar.
SPI. *Auria, Auria,*
Fight not for name abroad, but come my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home.
AD. Oh never canke
(Deare cruelty) one that is ſworne your creature,
Amongſt your countries enemies, I uſe.
No force, but humble words, deliver'ed from
A tongue thats ſecretarie to my heart.
SPI. How poorely ſome, tame to their wild deſires,
Fawne on abuſe of vertue, pray my Lord,
Make not your houſe my priſon.
AD. Grant a freedome, *A noiſe*
To him who is the bondman to your beauty. *within.*

Enter Aurelio, Caſtania, Amoretta, Futilli, and Piero.

AURE. Keepe backe yee cloſe contrivers of falſe pleaſures,
Or I ſhall force ye backe — can it be poſſible
Lockd up and ſingly too, chaſt hoſpitality
A banquet in a bed-chamber; *Adurni!*
Diſhonourable man.

AD.

Ad. What sees this rudeneſſe,
That can broach ſcandall here.
Aure. For you hereafter,
Oh woman, loſt to every brave report,
Thy wronged *Auria* is come home with glory,
Prepare a welcome to uncrowne the greatneſſe
Of his prevailing fates,
Spi. Whiles you belike,
Are furniſhd with ſome newes for entertainement
Which muſt become your friendſhip to be knit
More faſt betwixt your ſoules, by my removall,
Both from his heart and memory.
Ad. Rich conqueſt,
To triumph on a Ladies injur'd fame,
Without a proofe or warrant.
Fur. Have I life Sir,
Faith, Chriſtianity?
Pil. Put me on the rack,
The wheele, or the gallies, if---
Aure. Peace factors,
In merchandiſe of ſcorne, your ſounds are deadly,
Caſtanna, I could pity your conſent
To ſuch ignoble practice, but I finde.
Courſe fortunes eaſily ſeduc'd, and herein
All clayme to goodneſſe ceaſes.
Cast. Uſe your tyranny.
Spi. What reſts behind for mee, out with it.
Aure. Horror,
Becomming ſuch a forfeit of obedience,
Hope not that any falſity in friendſhip
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not
Leave in thy prayers (fair vow-breaking want on)
To dreſſe thy ſoule new, whoſe purer whiteneſſe
Is ſullyd by thy change, from truth to folly.
A fearefull ſtorme is hovering, it will fall,
No ſhelter can avoyd it, let the guilty
Sink under their owne ruine. *Exit.*

SPIN. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischiefe!
AMO. Whom, *I* prethee,
Doth the man speake to?
AD. Lady, be not mov'd,
I will stand Champion for your honour, hazard
All what is deerest to me.
SPIN. Mercie heaven!
Champion for me, and *Auria* living? *Auria?*
He lives, and for my guard my innocence
As free as are my husbands clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vaine constructions, *I* must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, yours to leave me,
I need no fellowes now: let me appeare,
Or mine owne lawyer, or in open court
(Like some forsaken client) in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea —— oh misery. *Exit.*
AD. Her resolution's violent, quickly follow,
CAST. By no means (sir) y'aue followed her already,
I feare with too much ill successe in triall,
Of unbecomming courtesies; your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.
AD. *I* will stand
The roughnes of th'encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait yee to your homes, what ere befal me. *exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Fulgoso and Guzman.

FULGOSO.

I Say, Don, brother mine, win her and weare her.
And so will *I*; if't be my lucke to loose her,
I loose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.
GUZ. Wench said yee, most mechanically? faugh!

VVench

VVench is your trull, your blowes, your dowdie, but
(Sir brother) he who names my Queene of love
Without his bonnet vaild, or saying grace,
As at Some paranymphall feast, is rude,
Nor verst in literature, Dame *Amoritta*,
Lo, *I* am sworne thy Champion.

Ful. So am *I* too.
Can as occasion serves, if she turne scurvie,
Vnsweare my selfe again, and nere change colour.
Pish man, the best, though call em, ladies, madames,
Faires, fines, and honies, are but flesh and bloud,
And now and then too, when the fits come on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirlity pirkins.

Guz. Our choler must advance.

Ful. Dost long for a beating?
Shalls try a slash, heres that shall do't: Ile tap
A gallon of thy braines, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.

Guz. Not in friendship brother,

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague; hang't,
Be sociable: drinke till we rore and scratch;
Then drinke our selves asleepe agen. The fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Guz. Her faire eyes,
Like to a paire of pointed beames drawne from
The Sunnes most glorious Orbe, does dazle sight,
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A severall bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two bankes
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polisht *Ivorie*, surveying
A temple from whence Oracles proceed,
More gracious than *Apollos*, more desir'd
Than amorous songs of Poets, softly tun'd.

Ful. Hey day, what's this?

Guz. Oh, but those other parts, all ----

Ful. All: Hold there, *I* barre play under boord,

My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wier-draw thus.
Guz. I have dream't
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her severall inches, as exactly (marke it)
As if I had tooke measure with a compasse,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.
Ful. Oh rare,
And all this in a dreame.
Guz. A very dreame.
Ful. My waking brother Souldier is turnd
Into a sleeping Carpenter or Taylor,
Which goes for halfe a man—— whats he? beare up?
Ben. Death of reputation, the wheele, strappado, gallies,
Racke, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to
Fright babies: poore lean-sould rogues, they
Will swowne at the scarre of a pinne: one teare
Dropt from their harlots eyes, breeds earth-quakes
In their bones.
Ful. Blesse us, a monster patcht of dagger bumbast,
His eyes like Copper-basons, a' has chang'd
Haire with a shagge dogge.
Guz. Let us then avoyd him,
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approches.
Ben. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies, brave man at armes. Goe turne pandor doe, stalke for a messe of warme broath: damnable, honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt, the raw rib'd Apothecarie poysons *cum privilegio*, and is payd. Oh the common-wealth of beasts is most politickly ordered.
Guz. Brother, wee'l keep aloofe, there is no valour
In tugging with a man fiend
Ful. I defie him.
It gabbles like I know not what, believe it,
The fellowes a shrewd fellow at a pink.
Ben. Looke else; the Lion roares, and the spaniell fawnes,
Downe Curre, the Badger bribes the Unicorne,

Enter Benatzi as an outlaw. Levidolche above

That

That a Iury may not paſſe upon his pillage: here the Beare fees the Wolfe, for he will not howle gratis, beaſts call pleading howling. So then, there the Horſe complaines of the Apes rank-riding: the Jockie makes mouthes, but is fin'd for it: the Stagge is not jeer'd by the Monkie for his hornes: the Aſſe by the hare for his burthen: The Oxe by the Leopard for his yoke, nor the Goat by the Ram, for his beard, onely the Fox wrappes himſelfe warme in Bever, bids the Cat mouze, the Elephant toyle, the Boare gather akorns, whiles he grinnes, feeds fat, tells tales, laughes at all, and ſleepes ſafe at the Lions feet. —— Save ye people.

Ful. Why ſave thee too, if thou beeſt of heavens making:
What art? --- Feare nothing Don, we have our blades,
Are mettall men our ſelves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother ſpeakes our minde, thinke what you pleaſe on't.

Ben. A match: obſerve well this ſwitch; with this only ſwitch have I paſht out the braines of thirteene Turkes to the dozen for a breakfaſt.

Ful. What man? tirteen? is't poſſible thou lyeſt not?

Ben. *I* was once a Scholler, then I beg'd without pitty: from thence I practiz'd law, there a ſcruple of conſcience popt me over the barre: a Souldier I turnd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would bee, and a glut of land-rats gnawd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reverſions were catcht up: offered to paſſe into the Court, and wanted truſt for cloathes; was laſtly, for my good parts preſt into the Gallies, tooke priſoner, redeemd amongſt other ſlaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria: and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ee like me? ſay.

Ful. A ſhaver of all trades; what courſe o'life
Doeſt meane to follow next? ha? ſpeake thy minde.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted fellow: we our ſelves
Have felt the frownes of fortune in our dayes.

Ben. I want extreamly, exceedingly, hideouſly.

Le. Take that, enjoy it freely, wiſely uſe it. *Throwes a purſe*
Th'advantage of thy fate, and know the giver. *Exit.*

Ful. Hoy da, a purſe in troath wh o dropt, ſtay, ſtay,
Vmh; have we gipſies here? oh mine is ſafe
Iſt your purſe, brother Don?

Guz. Not mine, I ſeldome
Weare ſuch unfaſhionable traſh about me.

Ful. Haſt any money in it, honeſt blade?
A bots on empty purſes.

Guz. Wee defie them.

Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortall, you are dull clod-pated lumpes of mire and garbiſh. This is the land of Fairies, Emperiall Queene of Elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my ſervices, my blood, my ſinewes to thee, ſweete ſoveraigne of largeſſe, and liberality — a French Taylor neate; Perſian Cooke; dainty! Greeke Wines; rich Flanders Mares; ſtately Spaniſh Sallads, poynant, Venetian, wanton, raviſhing, Engliſh Bawd unmatchable ſirs I am fitted.

Ful. All theſe thy followers, miſerable pigmies
Prate ſence and don't be mad, I like thy humour,
Tis pretty odde, and ſo as one might ſay,
I care not greatly if I entertaine thee,
Doſt want a maſter? if thou doſt I am for thee
Elſe chooſe, and ſneake up; piſh I ſcorne to flinch man.

Guz. Forſake not faire advancement, money certes
Will fleet and drop off, like a cozening friend,
Who ho'ds it, holds a ſlippery Eele byth' tayle,
Unleſſe he gripe it faſt, be ruld by counſell.

Ben. Excellent, what place ſhall I be admitted to?
Chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or ſtable.

Fut. Why one and all, th'art welcome, lets ſhake hands on't,
Thy name?

Ben. *Parado* Sir

Ful. The great affaires
I ſhall employ thee moſt in wilbe newes,
And telling whats a clocke, for ought I know yet.

Ben. It is ſir to ſpeake punctually ſome hour and halfe
Eight three thirds of two ſeconds of one minute over at moſt, Sir

Ful. I doe not aske thee now, or if I did

We are not much the wiſer, and for newes——

BEN. *Auria*, the fortunate is this day to bee receavd with great ſolemnity at the city counſel houſe, the ſtreetes are already throngd with lookers on.

FUL. Thats well remembred, brother Don let's trudge,
Or we ſhall come too late.

GUZ. By no meanes, brother.

FUL. Waite cloſe my ragged new-come.

BEN. As your ſhaddowes. *Exit.*

Enter Auria, Adurni, Martino, Trelcatio, Aurelio, Piero, and Futilli.

AURI. Your favours with theſe honours, ſpeake your bounties
And tho the low deſerts of my ſucceſſe
Appeare in your conſtructions faire and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cauſe,
Not my abilities, the thankes due to them,
The Duke of Florence hath too highly prizd
My duty in my ſervice, by example,
Rather to cheriſh and encourage vertue,
In ſpirits of action, then to crowne the iſſue
Of feeble undertakings. whiles my life
Can ſtand in uſe I ſhal no longer rate it
In value then it ſtirres to pay that debt,
I owe my countrie for my birth and fortunes.

MART. Which to make good, our ſtate of *Genoa*
Not willing that a native of her owne,
So able for her ſafety, ſhould take penſion
From any other Prince; hath caſt upon you
The government of *Corſica*.

TRAL. Addes thereto
Beſides th'allowance yearly due, for ever
To you and to your heires, the full revenew
Belonging to *Savona*; with the office
Of Admirall of *Genoa*.

ADUR. Preſenting

By my hands, from their publique treaſury,
A thouſand Ducates.

MAR. But they limit only
One moneth of ſtay, for your diſpatch, no more.

FUT. In all your great attempts, may you grow thrifty,
Secure, and proſperous.

PIE. If you pleaſe to ranke,
Amongſt the humbleſt one that ſhall attend
Inſtructions under your command, I am
Ready to waite the charge.

AURI. Oh ſtill the ſtate
Engageth me her creature with the burthen
Unequall for my weakeneſſe, to you gentlemen
I will prove friendly honeſt, of all mindefull.

AD. In memory (my Lord, ſuch is your ſtile now)
Of your late fortunate exployts, the counſell
Amongſt their generall acts, have regiſtred
The great Dukes letters, witneſſe of your merit
To ſtand in characters upon record.

AURI. Load upon load let not my want of modeſty
Treſpaſſe againſt good manners, I muſt ſtudy
Retirement to compoſe this weighty buſineſſe
And moderately digeſt ſo large a plenty.
For feare it ſwel unto a ſurfeit.

AD. May *I*
be bould to preſſe a viſit?

AURI. At your pleaſure,
Good time of day, and peace,
Oes: health to your Lordſhip.

AD. What of *Spinella* yet?

FUT. Quite loſt no prints,
Or any tongue of tracing her, how ever
Matters are huddled up: *I* doubt my Lord
Her husband carries little peace about him.

AD. fall danger what fall can, ſhe is a goodneſſe
Above temptation, more to be ador'd
Then ſifted; I'me too blame ſure.

FUT.

FUT. *Levidolche*,
For her part too, laughd at *Malfates* frenzie
(Juſt ſo ſhe termd it) but for you (my Lord)
She ſaid ſhee thankd your charity, which lent
Her crooked ſoule, before it left her body,
Some reſpit, wherein it might learne againe
The means ofgrowing ſtreight.
AD. Shee has found mercy,
Which I will ſeeke, and ſue for.
FUT. You are happy. *Exit.*

Enter Auria, and Aurelio.

AUR I. Count of *Savona*, *Genoas* Admirall,
Lord governor of *Corſica*, enrould
A Worthy of my country, ſought and ſu'd to
Praiſ'd, courted, flatterd; ſure this bulke of mine,
Tayles in the ſize a timpany of greatneſſe
Puffes up too monſtrouſly my narrow cheſt,
How ſurely doſt thou malice, theſe extremes,
Vncomfortable man? when I was needy,
Caſt naked on the flats of barren pitty,
Abated to an ebbe ſo low, that boyes
A Cocke-horſe friskd about me, without plunge
You could chat gravely then, in formall tones,
Reaſon moſt paradoxically; now
Contempt and wilful grudge at my upriſing
becalmes your learned noyſe.
AURE. Such floriſh *Auria*,
Flies with ſo ſwift a gale, as it will waſt
Thy ſuddaine joyes into a faithleſſe harbor.
AUR I. Canſt mutter miſchiefe, I obſervd your dulneſſe
Whiles the whole ging crowd to me harke my triumphs
Are eccho'd under every roofe, the ayre
Is ſtreightend with the ſound, there is not roome
Enough to brace them in, but not a thought
Doth pierce into the griefe that cabins heare,

Here through a creeke a little in-let crawles,
A flake no bigger than a fifters threed,
Which fets the region of my heart a fire.
I had a kingdome once, but am depoſ'd
From all that royaltie of bleſt content,
by a confederacie twixt love and frailtie.

AURE. glories in publick view, but adde to miſerie,
Which travailes in unreſt at home.

AUR 1. At home?
That home *Aurelio* ſpeakes of, *I* have loſt,
And which is worſe, when I have rowld about,
Toild like a pilgrime, round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and over-worne with age,
Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home,
There rots but halfe of me, the other part
Sleeps, heaven knowes where, would ſhe and *I* my wife,
I meane, but what alas talke I of wife,
The woman, would we had together fed
On any out-caſt parings, courſe and mouldy,
Not liv'd divided thus, I could have beg'd
For both, for 't had been pitty ſhe ſhould ever
Have felt ſo much extremitie.

AURE. This is not
Patience requir'd in wrongs of ſuch vile nature,
You pittie her, thinke rather on revenge.

AUR 1. Revenge! for what? (uncharitable friend)
On whom? lets ſpeake a little pray with reaſon,
You found *Spinella* in *Adurnias* houſe,
Tis like a' gave her welcome very likely,
Her ſiſter and another with her, ſo
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privatly chamberd, he deſerves no wife
Of worthy qualitie, who dares not truſt
Her vertue in the prooſes of any danger.

AURE. But I broke ope the doores upon em.

AUR 1. Marry, it was a ſlovenly preſumption,
And puniſhable by a ſharpe rebuke.

I tell you ſir, I in my younger growth,
Have by the ſtealth of privacie enjoyd
A Ladies cloſet, where to have prophan'd
That ſhrine of chaſtitie and innocence,
With one unhallowed word, would have exild
The freedome of ſuch favour into ſcorne.
Had any he alive then ventur'd there,
With foule conſtruction, *I* had ſtampt the juſtice
Of my unguiltie truth upon his heart.

AURE. *Aurni* might have done the like, but that
The conſcience of his fault in coward blood,
bluſht at the quick ſurpriſall.

AURI. O fie, fie.
How ill ſome argue in their ſowre reproofe,
Againſt a partie liable to law:
For had that Lord offended with that creature,
Her preſence would have doubled every ſtrength
Of man in him, and juſtified the forfeit
Of noble ſhame, elſe t'was enough in both
With a ſmile onely to correct your rudeneſſe.

AURE. Tis well you make ſuch uſe of neighbours courteſie,
Some kinde of beaſts are tame, and hug their injuries:
Such way leads to a fame too.

AURI. Not uncivilly, though violently, friend.

AURE. Wherefore then, thinke yee,
Can ſhe abſent her ſelfe, if ſhe be blameleſſe?
You grant of courſe, your triumphs are proclaim'd,
And *I* in perſon told her your returne.
Where lies ſhe hid the while?

AURI. That reſts for anſwer
In you, now I come t'ee, vve have exchang'd
boſomes, *Aurelio*, from our yeares of childhood,
Let me acknovvledge vvith vvhat pride *I* ovvne
A man ſo faithfull, honeſt, faſt, my friend:
He vvhom if *I* ſpeake fully, never faild
by teaching truſt to me, to learne of mine,
I vviſht my ſelfe thine equall; if I aymd

A wrong, twas in an envie of thy goodneſſe,
So dearly witneſſe with me my integritie,
I layd thee up to heart, that from my love,
My wife was but diſtinguiſht in her ſex,
Give back that holy ſignature of friendſhip,
Canceld, defac'd, pluckt off, or *I* ſhall urge,
Accounts ſcor'd on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former complements.

AURE. D'ee imagine
I fawne upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my eſtate,
That you caſhiere me at a minutes warning?
No, *Auris*, *I* dare vie with your reſpects,
Put both into the ballance, and the poyſe
Shall make a ſetled ſtand, perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vowd at your departure firſt
Of ſetling me a partner in your purchaſe,
Leads you into opinion of ſome ends
Of mercenary falſhood, yet ſuch wrong
Left ſuites a noble ſoule.

AURI. By all my ſorrowes,
The mention is too courſe.

AURE. Since then th'occaſion
Preſents our diſcontinuance, uſe your libertie:
For my part I am reſolute to die
The ſame my life profeſt me.

AURI. Piſh, your faith
Was never in ſuſpition; but conſider,
Neither the Lord nor Lady, nor the bawd,
Which ſhuffled them together, opportunitie
Have faſtned ſtaine on my unqueſtion'd name,
My friends raſh indiſcretion was the bellowes
Which blew the cole now kindled to a flame,
Will light his ſlander to all wandring eyes.
Some men in giddie zeale ore-doe that office
They catch at, of whoſe number is *Aurelio*:
For *I* am certaine, certaine it had beene

Impoſſible

Impoſſible, had you ſtood wiſely ſilent,
but my *Spinella*, trembling on her knee,
Would have accuſd her breach of truth, have bg'd
A ſpeedy execution on her treſpaſſe,
Then with a juſtice lawfull as the magiſtrates,
Might I have drawne my ſword againſt *Aburni*,
Which now is ſheathed and ruſted in the ſcabberd;
Good thankes to yonr cheape providence, once more
I make demand --- my wife --- you --- ſir.

AURE. Roare lowder
The noyſe affrights not me, threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue man --- now muſt follow,
by way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runnes to mutinie in friendſhip.
Auria come on, this weapon lookes not pale
At ſight of that againe heare and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to doe.
I de doo't and doo't, and boaſt the paines religious;
Yet ſince you ſhake me off, I ſlightly value
Other ſeverity.

AURI. Honor and duty
Stand my compurgators, never did paſſion
Purpoſe ungentle uſage of my ſword,
Againſt *Aurelio*, let me rather want
My hands, nay friend, a heart then ever ſuffer
Such dotage enter here, if I muſt looſe
Spinella, let me not proceed to miſery,
by lobſing my *Aurelio*, we through madneſſe,
Frame ſtrange conceits, in our diſcourſing braines,
And prate of things as we pretend they were,
Joyne helpe to mine (good man) and let us liſten
After this ſtraying ſoule, and till we finde her,
beare our diſcomfort quietly.

AURE. So doubtleſſe,
She may be ſoone diſcoverd.

AURI. Thats ſpoake chearefully.

Why theres a friend now, — *Auria* and *Aurelio*
At oddes oh't cannot be, must not, and shanot —— *Enter Castanna.*
But looke *Castannas* here, —— welcome faire figure
Of a choice Jewel, lockd up in a cabinet,
More pretious then the publique view should fully.

CAST. Sir how you are informd, or on what termes
Of prejudice against my course, or custome,
Opinion swaies your confidence, I know not
Much anger, if my feares perswade not falsely,
Sits on this gentlemans sterne brow, yet sir,
If an unhappy maids word may finde credit,
As I wish harme to no body on earth,
So would all good folkes may wish none to me.

AURI. None does sweete sister.

CAST. If they doe, deare heaven
Forgive them is my prayer, but perhaps,
You might conceave (and yet methinkes you should not)
How I am faulty in my sisters absence,
Indeed tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my Lord intended,
Save civill entertainement, pray what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure noble men will shew that they are such
With those of their owne ranke, and that was all
My sister can be charg'd with.

AURI. Ist not friend, an excellent maide?

AURE. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her vertuous.

CAST. With your leave,
You usd most cruell language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits, not very kinde
To me my selfe, she sighd when you were gone,
Desird no creature else should follow her;
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I markd not well which way shee went.

AURI. Staid she not
Within the house then?

CAST.

CAST. Eaſſe not ſhe —— *Aurelio*
Was paſſing rough.

AUR I. Strange! no where to be found out.

CAST. Not yet, but on my life, ere many howers,
I ſhall heare from her.

AUR I. Shalt thou? worthy maide,
Thaſt brought to my ſicke heart a cordiall —— friend
Good newes —— moſt ſweete *Caſtanna.*

AURE. May it prove ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benatzi as before.

BEN. The paper in the purſe for my directions appoynted this the place, the time now, here dance I attendance —— ſhee is come already. *Enter Levidolche.*

LE. Parado, ſo I over heard you nam'd.

BEN. A muſhrome ſprung up in a minute, by the ſun-ſhine of your benevolent grace, liberality and hoſpitable compaſſion (moſt magnificent beauty) have long ſince lyen bed-rid in the aſhes of the old world till now, your illuſtrious charity hath rak'd up the dead embers by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours as you ſhall pleaſe to new ſhape mee.

LE. A gratefull man (it ſeemes) where gratitude
Has harbor; other furniture becomming
Accompliſh'd qualities muſt needs inhabit,
What country claimes your birth?

BEN. None, I was borne at ſea, as my mother was in paſſage from cape *Ludugory* to cape Clagliaty toward Affrick in Sardinia, was bred up in Aquilaſtro, and at yeares put my ſelfe in ſervice under the Spaniſh Viceroy: till I was taken priſoner by the Turkes. I have taſted in my daies hanſome ſtore of good and bad, and am thankefull for both.

LE. You ſeeme the iſſue then of honeſt parents.

BEN. Reputed no leſſe: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them: my mothers husband was a very old man at my birth, but no man is too old to father his wives childe, your ſervant I am ſure I will ever prove my ſelfe entirely.

Le. Dare you be secret?
Ben. Yes.
Le. And suddaine.
Ben. Yes.
Lev. But withall, sure of hand, and spirit.
Ben. Yes, yes, yes.
Le. I use not many words, the time prevents 'em,
A man of quality has rob'd mine honour.
Ben. Name him.
Le. *Adurni.*
Ben. A' shall bleed.
Le. *Malfato* contemn'd my proffered love.
Ben. Yoake 'em in death —— whats my reward?
Le. Propose it, and enjoy it.
Ben. You for my wife.
Le. Ha!
Ben. Nothing else, deny mee.
And ile betray your counsells to your ruine;
Else doe the feate couragiously — consider.
Le. I doe dispatch the taske I have enjoyn'd,
Then claime my promise.
Ben. No such matter, pretty one,
Weele marry first —— or —— farewell.
Le. Stay, examine
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosome, tho I blush to say it,
Know I have without sence of shame, or honour,
Forsooke a lawfull marriage bed, to dally
Betweene *Adurnis* armes.
Ben. This Lords.
Le. The same; more not content with him I courted,
A newer pleasure, but was there refus'd by him I nam'd so late.
Ben. *Malfato.*
Le. Right, am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My foll es on their hearts, then change my life
For some rare pennance, canst thou love me now?
Ben. Better I doe believe tis possible you may mend,

All

All this breakes off no bargain.

Le. Accept my hand, with this a faith as constant
As vowes can urge, nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Le. Meete here to morrow night,
We wil determine further, as behoves us.

Ben. How is my new love call'd?

Le. *Levidolche*, be confident, I bring a worthy portion;
But you'l flie off.

Ben. Not I, by all thats noble,
A kisse---farewell---deare fate. *Exit.*

Le. Love is sharpe sighted,
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises,
False pleasures I cashere ye, faire truth welcome. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Malfato, and Spinella.

Malfato.

HEre you are safe, (sad cosen) if you please
May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discourst, mine eares are gladly oper,
For I my selfe am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charmes my attention.

Spi. But my husbands honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle cleerly
by so much more they tempt beliefe to credit
The wrack and ruine of my injur'd name.

Mal. Why cosen should the earth cleave to the rootes,
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might waite the uproare, tis the guilty trembles

At horrors, not the innocent, you are cruell
In censuring a liberte allowd.
Speake freely, gentle cousin, was *Adorni*
Importunately wanton?

SPI. In excesse
Of entertainment, else not.

MAL. Not the boldnesse
Of an uncivill courtship.

SPI. What that meane,
I never understood, *I* have at once
Set barres between my best of earthly joyes,
And best of men, so excellent a man
As lives without comparison, his love
To me was matchlesse.

MAL. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Followd your *Auria* in the height: affection
To you; even to *Spinella*, true and setled,
As ever *Auria's* was, can, is, or will be.
You may not chide the storie.

SPI. Fortunes minions
Are flattered, not the miserable.

MAL. Listen to a strange tale, which thus the author sighd,
A kinsman of *Spinella* (so it runnes)
Her fathers sisters sonne, some time before
Auria the fortunate possest her beauties,
Became inamor'd of such rare perfections,
As she was stor'd with, fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawfull conquest,
Propos'd each difficultie in pursuit
Of what his vaine suppositions fil'd his owne,
Found in the argument one onely flaw
Of conscience, by the nearnesse of their bloods,
Unhappy scruple, easily dispenc'd with,
Had any friends advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on a' lov'd, and lov'd, and wisht, and wisht,
Eft-soone began to speake, yet soone broke off,

And

And ſtill the fondling durſt not, cauſe ſhe durſt not.
SPI. T'was wonderfull,
MAL. Exceeding wonderfull,
Beyond all wonder, yet tis knowne for truth,
After her marriage, when remaind not ought
Of expectation to ſuch fruitleſſe dotage.
His reaſon then, now, then could not reduce
The violence of paſſion, tho a vowd
Never to unlock that ſecret, ſcarce to her
Herſelfe, *Spinella*, and withall reſolv'd,
Not to come neare her preſence, but to avoyd
All opportunities how ever proffered.
SPI. An underſtanding dulld by thoſe licknie
Of conſtant ſorrow, is not apprehenſive
In pregnant noveltie, my eares receive
The words you utter, couſin, but my thoughts
Are faſtned on another ſubject.
MAL. Can you embrace, ſo like a darling, your owne woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then *I* am thankfull for advantage, urg'd
By fatall and enjoynd neceſſitie,
To ſtand up in defence of injur'd vertue,
Will againſt any, *I* except no qualitie,
Maintaine all ſuppoſition miſapplied,
Unhoneſt, falſe, and villanous.
SPI. Deare couſin, as y'are a gentleman,
MAL. Ile bleſſe that hand,
Whoſe honourable pittie ſeales the paſport
For my inceſſant turmoyles, to their reſt.
If *I* prevaile, (which heaven forbid) theſe ages
VVhich ſhall inherit ours, may tell poſtericie
Spinella had *Malfato* for a kinſman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.
SPI. No more, I dare not heare it.
MAL. All is ſayd:
Henceforth ſhall never ſyllable proceed,
From my unpleaſant voyce, of amorous folly—
Enter Caſtanna.

CAS.

CAST. Your ſummons warn'd me hither, I am come
Siſter, my ſiſter twas an unkinde part,
Not to take me along w'ee.

MAL. Chide her for it,
Caſtanna, this houſe is as freely yours,
As ever was your fathers.

CAST. we conceave ſo,
Tho your late ſtrangeneſſe hath bred mervaile in us,
But wherefore, ſiſter, keepes your ſilence diſtance?
Am I not welcome t'ee?

SPI. Lives *Auria* ſafe?
Oh prithee doe not heare me call him husband,
before thou canſt reſolve what kinde of wife
His fury termes the runne away, ſpeake quickely,
Yet doe not ſtay *Caſtanna*, I am loſt,
His friend hath ſet before him a bad woman,
And hee, good man, believes it.

CAST. Now in truth——

SPI. Hold, my heart trembles, I perceive thy tongue
Is great with ills and haſtes to be delivered,
I ſhould not uſe *Caſtanna* ſo, firſt tell me,
Shortly and truely tell me how he does.

CAST. In perfect health.

SPI. For that my thankes to heaven.

MAL. The world hath not another wife like this,
Coſen you will not heare your ſiſter ſpeake,
So much your paſſion rules.

SPI. Even what ſhe pleaſes: goe on *Caſtanna*.

CAST. Your moſt noble husband
Is deafe to all reports, and only grieves
At his ſoules love, *Spinellas* cauſeleſſe abſence.

MAL. Why looke ye coſen now?

SPI. Indeede.

CAST. Will value no counſel, takes no pleaſure in his greatneſſe,
Neither admits of likelyhood at all,
That you are living: if you were hee's certaine
It were impoſſible you could conceale

Your

Your welcomes to him, being all one with him,
But as for jealousie of your dishonor,
Hee both laughes at and scornes it.

SPI. Does a'.

MAL. Therein he shewes himselfe desertfull of his happinesse,

CAST. Methinks the newes should cause some motion sitter.
You are not well.

MAL, Not well.

SPI. I am unworthy,

MAL. Of whom? what? why?

SPI. Goe cosen, come *Castana*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trelcatio, Piero, and Futilli.

TREL. The state in counsel is already set,
My comming will bee late; now therfore gentlemen,
This house is free as your intents are sober,
Your paines shall be accepted.

FUT. Mirth sometimes falls into earnest signior.

PIE. Wee for our parts aime at the best.

TREL. You wrong your selvs & mee lse, good successe t'ee, *Exit.*

PIE. *Futilli* tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which meanes
Wee may ingratiate as our businesse hits,
Our undertakings to great *Auras* favour.

FUT. I grow quite weary of this lazie custome
Attending on the fruitlesse hopes of service,
For meate and ragges, a wit, a shrewd preferment
Study some scurrill jests, grow old and beg
No let em be admir'd that love foule linnen,
Ile runne a new course.

PIE. Get the coyne we spend,
And knocke 'em ore the pate who jeers our earnings—

FUT. Husht man, one suiter comes. *Musicke.*

PIE. The tother followes. *Enter Amoretta.*

FUT. Be not so lowd —— here comes *Madona* sweete lips.

Mithtreth, inthooth for thooth, will lithpe it to uth.

Amo. Dentlemen then ye ith thith muchicke yourth, or can ye tell what great manths fidleth, made it tith yeder petty noyth, but who thold thend it.

Pie. does not your selfe know Lady.

Amo. I doe not uth
To thpend lip labour upon quethtionths,
That I my thelfe can anthwer.

Fut. No sweet madam,
Your lips are destind to a better use,
Or else the proverbe failes of lisping maids. (then,

Amo. Kithing you mean pey come behind with your mockths
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other ——
How now whath neckt?

SONG.

VVHat hoe we come to be merry,
Open the doores a Joviall crew,
Lusty boyes and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are wee,
We can drinke till all looke blew,
Dance sing and roare,
Never give ore.
As long as we have nere an eye to see
Pithee, pithee, leths come in,
One thall all our favous win,
Dently, dently, we thall passe,
None kitheth like the lithping lasse.

Pie. What call yee this a song?

Amo. Yeth a delithious thing, and wondroth pretty,

Fut. A very country catch--doubtlesse some prince
Belike hath sent it to congratulate
Your nights repose.

Amo. Thinke ye tho thignior,

It

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh
That thuns the light.

Pie. Perhaps the prince of darkeneſſe.

Amo. Of darkeneth what ith he?

Fut. A courtier matchleſſe
A' woes, and wins, more beauties to his love
Then all the kings on earth. *Enter Fulgoſo.*

Amo. Whea thandeth hith court pey[illegible]

Fut. This gentleman approaching I preſume,
Has more relation to his court then I,
And comes in time t'informe ye.

Amo. Thinck ye tho ſime thure you know him,

Pie. Lady youl perceave it.

Ful. She ſeemes in my firſt entrance to admire me,
Proteſt ſhe eyes me round; *Fulg.* ſhees is thine owne.

Pie. Noble *Fulgoſo.*

Fut. Did you heare the muſique?
Twas I that brought it, was't not tickling? ah ha

Amo. Pay what pinth thent it.

Ful. Prince, no Prince but we,
We ſet the ditty and compoſd the ſong,
Theres nos a note or foote in't, but our owne,
And the pure trodden mortar of this braine,
We can doe things and things.

Amo. Doo'd thing't youa thelſe then.

Ful. Nay, nay, I could never ſing
More then a gib cat, or a very howler,
But you ſhall heare me whiſtle it.

Amo. Thith thingth thome jethter,
Thure he belongth unto the printh of darkneth.

Pie. Yes, and ile tell you what his office is,
His Prince delights himſelfe exceedingly
In birds of divers kindes, this gentleman
Is keeper and inſtructer of his black-birds, he tooke his skill firſt from his fathers carter.

Amo. Tith wonderfull to thee by what thrange meanes
Thome men are raiſd to plathes.

Ful. I doe heare you,
And thanke ye heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts, but what I live on,
Is simple trade of money from my lands.
Hang sharkes, I am no shifter.

Enter Guzman.

Amo. Ith pothible ——
Bleth uth whoth thith?

Fut. Oh it is the man of might.

Guz. May my addresse to beauty lay no scandall
Upon my martiall honour, since even *Mars*
Whom as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of *Cupid*, therefore
As with the god of Warre, I deigne to stoop.
Lady vouchsafe loves goddesse like to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portalls
Of valiant breath, that hath ore-turnd an army.

Amo. Fay'a weather, keepe me, what a thorme ith thith?

Fut. Oh Don keepe off at further distance yet
A little farther, doe you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrifyd the Lady?

Guz. Ile stop the breath of war and breath as gently
As a perfum'd paire of sucking bellowes
In some sweete Ladies chamber, for I can
Speake Lyon-like, or sheepe like, when I please.

Fut. Stand by then, without noise a while brave Don
And let her only view your parts, they'le take her.

Guz. Ile publish them in silence.

Pie. Stand you there
Fulgoso the magnificent.

Ful. Heare?

Pie. Just there,
Let her survey you both; youle be her choyce
Nere doubt it, man.

Fut. I cannot doubt it, man.

Pie. But speake not till I bid you.

Ful. I may whistle.

Pie. A little to your selfe, to spend the time.

Amo

AMO. Both fooleth you thay.
FUT. But heare them for your ſport.
PIE. Don ſhal begin,—begin Don, ſhe has ſurveyd
Your outwards and your inwards through the rents,
And wounds of your apparell.
GUZ. She is politicke,
My out-ſide Lady ſhrowds a prince obſcurd;
AMO. I thanke ye for your muthicke printh.
GUZ. My words
Are muſique to her.
AMO. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man?
GUZ. She tooke him for my man, love thou wert juſt.
FUL. I wonot hould, his man, tis time to ſpeake
Before my time, oh ſcurvy, I his man?
That has no meanes for meat or ragges, and ſeame-rents.
GUZ. Have I with this one rapier.
PIE. He has no other.
GUZ. Paſt through a field of pikes, whoſe heads I lopt
As eaſily as the bloody minded youth
Lopt off the poppy heads.
FUL. The puppit heads.
GUZ. Have I ___ have I —— have I?
FUL. Thou lyeſt thou haſt not,
And ile mayn't.
GUZ. Have I --- but let that paſſe,
For tho my famous acts were damb'd to ſilence,
Yet my diſcent ſhall crowne me thy ſuperior.
AMO. That I would lithen to.
GUZ. Liſt and wonder,
My great, great Grandfir was an ancient Duke,
Stild *Dis? vir di Gonzado.*
FUT. Thats in Spaniſh
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatchd rogue, he thinkes we underſtand not.
GUZ. So was my grandfather height Argozile.
FUL. An arrant, arrant theefe leader, pray mocke it.

Guz. My grandsire by the mothers side a Condee,
Condee Scrivano.
Fut. A crop-eard Scrivener.
Guz. Whose son, my mothers father was a Marquis,
Huio di puto.
Pie. Thats the sonne of a whore.
And my renowned sire Don *Piecaco.*
Fut. In proper sence a rascall — O brave Don.
Guz. *Huio di una pravado*, --
Pie. A' goes on,
Son of a branded bitch--- high spirited Don,
Guz. Had honors both by sea and land, to wit.
Fut. The Gallies and Bride-well.
Ful. Ile not endure it,
To heare a canting mungrell--- Heare me lady,
Guz. Tis no faire play.
Ful. *I* care not faire or foule,
I from a King derive my pedigree,
King *Oberon* by name, from whom my father
The mightie and couragious *Monnibanco*,
Was lineally descended, and my mother
(In right of whose blood *I* must ever honor
The lower Germany) was a *Harlekine.*
Fut. He blow up
The Spaniard presently by his mother side.
Ful. Her father was Grave *Hans van Herne*, the son
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one peice.
Guz. Oh Diabolo.
Ful. Ten thousand Divels, nor Diabolos
Shall fright me from my pedigree, my uncle
Iacob van Flagon drought, with *Abraham* Snorten fert
And yongster Brogen soh with fourscore-hargubuth,
Manag'd by well-lin'd Butter-boxes, tooke
A thousand Spanish Iobber-nowles by surprise,
And beat a sconce about their eares.
Guz. My furie

Is now but juſtice on thy forfeit life. *Draws.*
AMO. Lath they thall not fight.
FUT. Feare not, ſweet Lady.
PIE. Be adviſd great ſpirits.
FUL. My fortunes bid me to be wiſe in duels,
Elſe hang't, who cares?
GUZ. Mine honour is my tutour,
Already try'd and knowne.
FUT. Why there's the poynt,
Mine honour is my tutour too, Noble men
Fight in their perſons, ſcorn't, tis out of faſhion,
Theres none but hare-brain'd youths of metall uſe it.
PIE. Yet put not up your ſwords, it is the pleaſure
Of the faire Lady, that you quit the field,
With brandiſht blades in hand.
FUT. And more to ſhew
your ſuffering valour, as her equall favours,
you both ſhould take a competence of kickes.
AMBO. How?
FUT. PIE. Thus and thus, away you brace of ſtinkards,
FUL. Pheugh, as it were.
GUZ. Why ſince it is her pleaſure, I dare and will endure it.
FUL. Pheugh.
PIE. Away, but ſtay below.
FUT. Budge not, *I* charge yee,
Till you have further leave.
GUZ. Mine honour claimes
The laſt foot in the field.
FUL. Ile lead the van then. *Exit. Enter Trelcatio.*
FUT. yet more, be gone, are not theſe pretious ſuiters ——
TREL. What tumults fright the houſe?
FUT. *A* brace of Caſtrels,
That flattered ſir, about this lovely game
your daughter, but they durſt not give the ſouze
And ſo tooke hedge.
PIE. Mee Haggards, Buzzards, Kites.
AMO. Ith korne, thuch trumpe and will thape my luffe,

Henth

Henth forth ath thall my father beght direct me.

TREL. Why now thou ſingſt in tune, my *Amoretta*,
And my good friends, you have like wiſe Phyſicians,
Preſcrib'd a healthfull dyet, *I* ſhall thinke on
A bounty for your paines, and will preſent yee
To noble *Auria*: ſuch as your deſcents
Commend, but for the preſent we muſt quit
This roome to privacie: they come——

AMO. Nay predee,
Leave me not Dentlemen.

FUT. We are your ſervants. *exeunt.*

Enter Auria, Adurni, and Aurelio,

AURI. Y'are welcome, be aſſur'd you are, for proofe,
Retrive the boldneſſe (as you pleaſe to terme it)
Of viſit to commands, if this mans preſence
Be not of uſe, diſmiſſe him.

ADUR. Tis (with favour)
Of conſequence my Lord, your friend may witneſſe
How farre my reputation ſtands ingag'd
To noble reconcilement.

AURI. I obſerve
No partie here amongſt us, who can challenge
A motion of ſuch honour.

ADUR. Could your lookes
Borrow more cleare ſeveritie and calmneſſe,
Than can the peace of a compoſed ſoule;
Yet *I* preſume, report of my attempt
(Train'd by a curioſity in youth)
For ſcattering clouds before 'em, hath raiſ'd tempeſts
Which will at laſt break out.

AURI. Hid now (moſt likely)
I'th darkneſſe of your ſpeech.

AURE. you may be plainer.

ADUR. *I* ſhall my Lord, that *I* intended wrong.

AURI. Ha? wrong? to whom?

ADUR. To *Auria*, and as farre

As language could prevaile, did——
AURI. Take advice,
(Young Lord) before thy tongue betray a ſecret
Conceald yet from the world; heare and conſider
In all my flight of vanitie and giddineſſe,
VVhen ſcarce the wings of my exceſſe were fledg'd,
VVhen a diſtemperature of youthfull heat,
Might have excuſ'd diſorder and ambition,
Even then, and ſo from thence till now the down
Of ſofneſſe is exchang'd for plumes of age,
Confirm'd and hardned, never durſt *I* pitch
On any howſoever likely reſt,
VVhere the preſumption might be conſterd wrong,
The word is hatefull, and the ſence wants pardon:
For as I durſt not wrong the meaneſt, ſo
He who but onely aimd by any boldneſſe,
A wrong to me, ſhould finde I muſt not beare it,
The one is as unmanly as the other.
Now without interruption.
ADUR. Stand *Aurelio*,
And juſtifie thine accuſation boldly,
Spare me the needleſſe uſe of my confeſſion,
And having told no more, then what thy jealouſie
Poſſeſt thee with againe before my face,
Vrge to thy friend the breach of hoſpitalitie
Aduni treſpaſt in, and thou conceavſt
Againſt *Spinella*; why proofes grow faint,
If barely not ſuppoſ'd, Ile anſwere guilty.
AURE. You come not here to brave us.
ADUR. No *Aurelio*.
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never ſhall rejoyne.
I make my Iudge my Iurie, be accountant
VVhither withall the eagerneſſe of ſpleene
Of a ſuſpitious rage can plead, thou haſt
Enforc'd the likelihood of ſcandall.
AURE. Doubt not

But that I have deliverd honeſt truth,
As much as I believe, and juſtly witneſſe.
ADUR. Looſe grounds to raiſe a bulwarke of reproach on,
And thus for that; my errand hither is not
In whining trewant-like ſubmiſſion,
To cry I have offended, pray forgive me,
I will doe ſo no more: but to proclaime
The power of vertue, whoſe commanding ſoveraignty,
Sets bounds to rebell-bloods, and checke reſtraines,
Cuſtome of folly by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards,
Crownes worthy actions, and invites to honour.
AURE. Honour and worthy actions, beſt beſeeme
Their lips who practice both, and not diſcourſe 'em.
AUR I. Peace, peace, man, I am ſilent.
ADUR. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who reſolve
No beauty can be chaſte, leſſe unattempted;
And for becauſe the liberty of courtſhip
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft times, too many ſoon ſeduced,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by ſervice,
Or complements of vowes; and with this file
I ſtood in ranke, conqueſt ſecurd my confidence,
Spinella (ſtorme not *Aurla*) was an object
Of ſtudy for fruition; here I angled
Not doubting the deceipt could finde reſiſtance.
AURE. After confeſſion followes ——
AUR I. Noyſe obſerve him.
ADUR. Oh ſtrange: by all the comforts of my hopes
I found a woman good; a woman good,
Yet as I wiſh beliefe, or doe deſire
A memorable mention, ſo much majeſty
Of humbleneſſe, and ſcorne, appeard at once
In faire, in chaſt, in wiſe *Spinellas* eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frowne
From her, could every flame of ſenſuall appetite.

AURE.

AURI. On ſir and doe not ſtop.
ADUR. Without proteſts,
I pleaded meerely love, uſd not a ſillable,
But what a virgin might without a bluſh,
Have liſtned to, and not well arm'd have pittied,
But ſhe neglecting, cry'd come *Auria*, come
Fight for thy wife at home, then in ruſhd you ſir
Talkd in much fury, parted, when as ſoone
The Lady vaniſhd, after her the reſt.
AURI. What followd?
ADUR. My commiſſion on mine errour,
In execution whereof I have prov'd
So punctually ſevere, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone
But to my other greater, and more irkſome,
Now he who ever ownes a name, that conſters
This repetition, the report of feare.
Of falſhood, or impoſture, let him tell me
I give my ſelfe the lye, and I will cleare
The injury, and man to man, or if
Such juſtice may prove doubtfull, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way reprieve
Th' opinion of my forfeit, without blemiſh.
AURI. Who can you thinke I am? did you expect
So great a tameneſſe as you finde, *Adurni*,
That you caſt lowd defiance? ſay —
ADUR. I have rob'd you
Of rigor (*Auria*) by my ſtrict ſelf-penance,
For the preſumption.
AURI. Sure *Italians* hardly
Admit diſpute in queſtions of this nature,
The tricke is new.
ADUR. I finde my abſolution,
By vowes of change from all ignoble practice.
AURI. Why looke ye frind, I tould you this before
You would not be perſwaded, — let me thinke.
AURE. You doe not yet deny that you ſolicited

The Lady to ill purpoſe.
ADUR. I have anſwerd,
But it returnd much quiet to my minde,
Perplext with rare commotions.
AURI. Thats the way
It ſmoothes all rubs.
AURE. My Lord.
AURI. Foh I am thinking
You may talke forward, if it take tis cleare
And then and then, and ſo and ſo.
ADUR. You labour with curious engins ſure,
AURI. Fine ones, I take ye
To be a man of credit —— elſe,
ADUR. Suſpition is needleſſe, know me better.
AURI. Yet you muſt not part from me ſir.
ADUR. For that your pleaſure.
AUR. Come fight for thy wife at home my *Auria* —— yes
We can fight my *Spinella*, when thine honor
Relies upon a Champion —— now. *Enter Trelcatio.*
TREL. My Lord
Coſtanna with her ſiſter, and *Malfato*
Are newly enterd.
AURI. Be not lowd; convey them
Into the gallery —— *Aurelio*, friend
Adurni Lord, we three will ſit in counſell
And peece a hearty league, or ſcuffle ſhrewdly. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Martino, Benatzi, and Levidolche.

MARTINO.

RUffian out of my doores, thou comſt to rob me,
An officer, what ho! my houſe is haunted
By a lewd packe of theeves, of harlots, murtherers,

Rogues,

Rogues, vagabonds, I foster & decoy here,
And she trowles on her ragged customer,
To cut my throat for pillage.
Lev. Good sir heare me,
Ben. Heare or not heare, let him rave his lungs out,
Whiles this woman hath abode under this roofe,
I will justifie my selfe her bedfellow in despight
Of deniall, in despight, those are my words.
Mar. Monstrous! why sirrah, do I keepe a bawdy-house,
An hospitall for pandors? Oh thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you growne so rampant,
That from a privat wanton thou proclaimst thy selfe
A baggage for all gamesters, Lords or Gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Rorers or hangmen, hey day, set up shop,
And then cry a market open, toot, and welcome.
Lev. This is my husband.
Mar. Husband!
Ben. Husband naturall, I have married her,
And whats your verdict on the match signior?
Mar. Husband, and married her!
Lev. Indeed tis truth.
Mar. A proper joyning, give ye joy great mistresse
Your fortunes are advanc'd, marry are they,
What joynture is assur'd pray? some three thousand
A yeare in oathes and vermine? faire preferment.
Was ever such a tatterd ragge of mans flesh,
Patch'd up for Copesmate to my Neeces daughter.
Le. Sir, for my mothers name forbeare this anger,
If I have yoak'd my selfe beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choyce a lawfull one, and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosome,
As ere my faith hath bound me.
Mar. A sweet couple.
Ben. We are so, for mine owne part, however my out-side
Appeare ungay, I have wrastled with death,
Signior *Martino*, to preserve your sleepes, and such

As you are untroubled, a ſouldier is in peace
A mockery, a very towne-bull for laughter, unthrifts,
And landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons,
Lay their baits for, let the warres rattle about
Your eares once, and the ſecuritie of a ſouldier is
Right honourable amongſt yee then, that day
May ſhine againe: ſo to my buſineſſe.

MAR. A ſouldier! thou a ſouldier, *I* doe believe
Th'art lowſie; that's a pretty ſigne I grant:
A villanous poore Bandetti rather, one
Can man a queane, and cant, and pick a pocket,
Pad for a cloake, or hat, and in the darke
Piſtoll a ſtragler for a quarter Ducate.
A ſouldier! yes, a lookes as if a had not
The ſpirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

BEN. Let age and dotage rage together, *Levidolche* thou art mine, on what conditions the world ſhall ſoone witneſſe: yet ſince our hands joyn'd, I have not intereſſed my poſſeſſion of thy bed, nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, doe I meane: kiſſe mee quick and reſolute. So adieu Signior.

LEV. Deare, for loves ſake, ſtay.

BEN. Forbeare intreaties. *Exit.*

MAR. Ah thou: but what? I know not how to call thee,
Faine would *I* ſmother griefe, and out it muſt,
My heart is broke, thou haſt for many a day
Been at a loſſe, and now art loſt for ever:
Loſt, loſt, without recovery.

LEV. With pardon,
Let me retaine your ſorrowes.

MAR. Tis impoſſible,
Deſpaire of riſing up to honeſt fame,
Turnes all the courſes wilde, and this laſt action
Will roare thy infamie, then you are certainly
Married forſooth, unto this new-come.

LEV. Yes, and herein every hope is brought to life,
Which long hath laine in deadneſſe, *I* have once more
Wedded *Benuzzi* my divorced husband,

MAR.

MAR. *Benatzi*, this the man?
LEV. No odde diſguiſe
Could guard him from diſcoverie; tis he,
The choyce of my ambition, heaven preſerve me
Thankfull for ſuch a bounty; yet he dreames not
Of this deceit, but let me die in ſpeaking,
If *I* repute not my ſucceſſe more happy
Then any earthly bleſſing; oh ſweet uncle,
Rejoyce with me, *I* am a faithfull convert,
And will redeeme the ſtains of a foule name,
By love and true obedience.
MAR. Force of paſſion
Shewes me a childe againe, doe *Levidolche*,
Performe thy reſolutions, thoſe perform'd,
I have been onely ſteward for your welfare,
You ſhall have all betweene yee.
LEV. Joyne with me ſir,
Our plot requires much ſpeed: we muſt be earneſt,
Ile tell yee what conditions threaten danger,
Unleſſe you intermediate; let us haſten,
For feare we come too late.
MAR. As thou intendeſt
A vertuous honeſtie, *I* am thy ſecond
To any office, *Levidolche* wittie,
My Neece, my wittie Neece.
LEV. Let's ſtack no time ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trelcatio, Malfato, Spinella and Coſtanne.

TREL. Kinſman and Ladies, have a little patience,
All will be as you wiſh, Ile be your warrant,
Feare nothing, *Augio* is a noble fellow,
I leave yee; but be ſure I am in hearing:
Take courage. *Exit.*
MAL. Courage, they who have no hearts,
Finde none to loſe; ours is as great as his,
Who defie danger moſt, ſans ſtace and ceremonie.

In

In habit here like ſtrangers we ſhall wait
Formalitie of entertainment, Couſen,
Let us returne, 'tis paultry.

SPI. Gentle ſir, *Enter Auris, and Aurelio.*
Confine your paſſion, my attendance onely
Commends a dutie.
Now for heavens ſake ſiſter ——
A' comes, your husband comes, take comfort ſiſter

AURI. *Malfato.*

MAL. *Auria.*

AURI. Coſen, would mine armes
In their embraces might at once deliver
Affectionately what intereſt your merit
Holds in my eſtimation, I may chide
The coyneſſe of this intercourſe betwixt us,
Which a retir'd privacie on your part
Hath pleaſd to ſhew; if ought of my endevours
Can purchaſe kinde opinion, I ſhall honour
The meanes and practice.

MAL. Tis your charitie.

AURE. VVorthy *Malfato.*

MAL. Provident *Aurelio.*

AURI. *Caſtanna*, vertuous mayd,

CAS. Your ſervant, brother.

AURI. But who's that other, ſuch a face mine eyes
Have been acquainted with, the ſight reſembles
Something which is not quite loſt to remembrance;
VVhy do's the Lady kneele? to whom? pray riſe,
I ſhall forget civilitie of manners,
Imagining you tender, a falſe tribute,
Or him to whom you render it, a counterfeit.

MAL. My Lord, you uſe a borrowd bravery,
Not ſuiting faire conſtructions, may your fort unes
Mount higher than can apprehenſion reach 'em,
Yet this waſte kinde of antique ſovereignty
Unto a wife who equals every beſt
Of your deſerts, atchievements, or poſteritie,

Bewrayes

Bewrayes a barrenneſſe of noble nature,
Let upſtarts exerciſe uncomely roughneſſe,
Cleare ſpirits to the humble will be humble:
You know your wife no doubt.

AUR 1. Cry ye mercie Gentleman,
Belike you come to tutour a good carriage,
Are expert in the nicke ont, we ſhall ſtudy
Inſtructions queintly, wife you ſayd, agreed.
Keepe faire, and ſtand the triall.

SP 1. Thoſe words raiſe
A lively ſoule in her, who almoſt yeelded
To faintneſſe and ſtupiditie, *I* thanke yee,
Tho prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require beliefe and conſcience,
I have no kindred ſiſter, husband, friend,
Or pittie for my plea.

MAL. Call ye this welcom? we are miſtook *Caſtanna*.

CAS. Oh my Lord, other reſpects were promiſed.

AUR 1. Said yee Lady,
No kindred, ſiſter, husband, friend.

SP 1. Nor name,
With this addition, *I* diſclaime all benefit
Of mercie from a charitable thought,
If one or all the ſubtilties of malice,
If any enginiere of faithleſſe diſcord,
If ſuppoſition for pretence in folly,
Can poynt out, without injurie to goodneſſe,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every dutie,
Requir'd fit, or exacted.

AUR 1. High and peremptory,
The confidence is maſculine.

MAL. Why not, an honourable cauſe gives life to truth,
Without controll.

SP 1. I can proceed, that tongue,
Whoſe venome by traducing ſpotleſſe honour,
Hath ſpread, th'infection is not more mine enemie,

Then theirs, or his weake and besotted braines are,
On whom the poyson of its cankred falsh ood
Hath wrought for credit to so foule a mischiefe.
Speake sir, the churlish voyce of this combustion,
Aurelio speake, nor (gentle sir) forbeare
Ought what you know, but roundly use your eloquence
Against a meane defendant.

MAL. Hee's put too't,
It seemes the challenge gravels him.

AURE. My intelligence,
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A selfe confession may crave assistance,
Let the Ladies justice impose the penance.
So in the rules of friendship, as of love,
Suspition is not seldome an improper
Advantage for the knitting faster joynts
Of faithfullest affection by the severs
Of casualtie unloos'd, where lastly errour
Hath run into the toyle.

SPI. Wofull satisfaction for a divorce of hearts.

AURI. So resolute,
I shall touch nearer home, behold these haires,
(Great Masters of a spirit) yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow,
Some messengers of time I must acknowledge
Amongst them tooke up lodging, when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, *I* was proud,
I did prevaile with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choyce more suitable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court,
Ambition either on my side, or hers:
Love drove the bargaine, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd, but disproportion
In yeares, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures, whereto I reply
Our union was not forc'd, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appeares

Unpardonable,

Unpardonable; ſay your thoughts.

Spi. My thoughts in that reſpect are as reſolute as yours,
The ſame, yet herein evidence of frailtie
Deſerv'd not more a ſeparation,
Then doth charge of diſloyaltie objected
Without or ground or witneſſe, womans faults
Subject to puniſhments, and mens applauded,
Preſcribe no lawes in force.

Aure. Are ye ſo nimble.

Mal. A ſoul ſublim'd from droſſe by competition,
Such as is mighty *Aurias* fam'd; deſcends
From its owne Spheare, when injuries profound ones
Yeeld to the combat of a ſcoulding matterie.
Skirmiſh of words hath with your wife lewdly rang'd
Adulterating the honour of your bed.
Hold diſpute, but execute your vengeance,
With unreſiſted rage we ſhall looke on,
Allow the fact, and ſpurne her from our blouds,
Elſe not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily, and childiſhly, for which
I challenge ſatisfaction.

Cas. Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient ſweetneſſe,
Ungently to inſult ——

Enter Adurni.

Adur. That *I* make good,
And muſt without exception finde admittance
Fitting the party who hath herin intereſt,
Put caſe I was in fault, that fault ſtretch'd meerely
To a miſguided thought, and who in preſence
Except the paire of ſiſters faire and matchleſſe,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I aske pardon (excellent *Spinella*
Of only you) that granted he amongſt you,
Who calles an even reckoning, ſhall meet
An even accountant.

Auri. Baited by confederacie,

I must have right.

Spi. And I, my Lord, my Lord,
What stirre and coyle is here? you can suspect,
So reconciliation then is needlesse,
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another: sister,
Lend me thine arme, I have assum'd a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer,
Auria unkinde, unkinde.

Cas. She faints.

Aur i. *Spinella*, regent of my affections, thou hast conquerd,
I finde thy vertues as I left them, perfect,
Pure, and unflaw'd, for instance let me claime
Castannas promise.

Cas. Mine?

Aur i. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen, looke yee, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving,
No shrinking backe, *Adurni* I present her
A wife of worth.

Mal. Howes that?

Advr. So great a blessing
Crownes all desires of life, the motion, Lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,
But welcom'd & forethought, would you could please
To say the like.

Aur i. *Castanna* doe — Speake dearest,
It rectifies all crookes, vaine surmises,
I prethee speake.

Spi. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seemes agreed on, doe not sister
Reject the use of fate.

Cas. I dare not question
The will of heaven.

Mal. Vnthought of and unlookt for.

Spi. My ever honored Lord.

AURE. This marriage frees
Each circumſtance of jealouſie.
AURI. Make no ſcruple
(*Coſtanza*) of the choyce, tis firme and reall,
Why elſe have I ſo long with tameneſſe nourißt
Report of wrongs, but that I fixt on iſſue
Of my deſires, Italians uſe not dalliance
But execution; herein I degenerated
From cuſtome of our nation: for the vertues
Of my *Spinella* rooted in my ſoule,
Yet common forme of matrimoniall complements,
Short liv'd, as are their pleaſures, yet in ſooth,
My deareſt, I might blame your cauſeleſſe abſence,
To whom my love and nature were no ſtrangers,
But being in your kinſmans houſe, I honour
His hoſpitable friendſhip, and muſt thank it.
Now laſting truce on all hands.
AURE. You will pardon
A raſh and over-buſie curioſitie.
SPI. It was too blame, but the ſucceſſe remits it.
AD. Sir, what preſumptions formerly have grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I ſhall faithfully acquite
At eaſie ſummons.
MAL. You prevent the nicetie,
Uſe your owne pleaſure----
AURE. Whats the matter?
AURI. Matter?
BEN. *Adurni* and *Malfato* found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.
LEV. Hold, oh hold him.
AURE. This is no place for murder, yeeld thy ſword.
AURI. Yeeld it, or force it; ſet you up your ſhambles
Of ſlaughter in my preſence.
ADUR. Let him come.
MAL. VVhat can the Ruffian meane?
BEN. I am prevented.

Enter Benati, his ſword drawn, Levidolche and Martino following.

The temple or the chamber of the Duke,
Had else not prov'd a sanctuarie Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.
ADUR. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.
AURI. Feare nothing.
LE. Yes, me you know, heaven has a gentle mercie
For penitent offenders: blessed Ladies,
Repute me not a cast-away, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft intangled by; yet what I have been,
Concernes me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This Gentleman *Benatzi*,
Disguised as you see, I have re-married,
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errours.
MAR. Nay, tis true sir.
BEN. I joy in the discovery, am thankfull
Vnto the change.
AURI. Let wonder hence forth cease,
For I am partner with *Benatzi* counsels;
And in them was director, I have seene
The man doe service in the warres late past,
VVorthy an ample mention; but of that
At large hereafter, repetitions now
Of good or bad, would streighten time prefented
For other use.
MAR. VVelcome, and welcome ever.
LE. Mine eyes sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a looke from yours; please to forget
All passages of rashnesse, such attempt
VVas mine, and onely mine.
MAL. You have found a way
To happinesse, I honour the conversion,
ADUR. Then I am freed.
MAL. may stile your friend your servant;
MAR. Now all thats mine, is theirs,
ADUR. But let me adde

An offering to the altar of this peace.

AURI. How likes *Spinella* this? our holy day
Deserves the Kalender.

SPI. This Gentlewoman
Reform'd must in my thoughts live faire and worthy,
Indeed you shal.

CAS. And mine, the novelrie
Requires a friendly love.

LEV. You are kinde and bountifull.

Enter Trelcatio, Futelli, Amoretta, Piero, driving in Fulgosa, and Guzman.

TREL. By your leaves Lords and Ladies, to your jollities,
I bring increase with mine too, here's a yongster
Whom I cll sonne-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it.

AMO. Yeth in sooth thee will.

TREL. *Futelli* hath wean'd her from this paine.

PIE. Stand forth stout lovers.

TREL. Top & Top-gallant paire, and for his pains,
She will have him, or none, hee's not the richest
I'th parish; but a wit; *I* say Amen,
Because I cannot helpe it.

AMO. Tith no matter.

AURI. Wee'l remedy the penury of Fortune,
They shall with us to *Corsica*, our coulin
Must not despaire of means, since tis believ'd
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

FUT. You are in all unfellowed,

AMO. Withly thpoken.

PIE. Thinke on *Piero* sir.

AURI. *Piero*, yes,
But what of these two pretty ones?

FUL. Ile follow.
The Ladies, play at cards, make sport and whistle,
My purse shall beare me out, a lazie life,

Is ſcirvy, and deboſhd; fight you abroad,
And weele be game whiles you fight at home,
Runne high, runne low, here is a braine can doot,
But for my martiall brother Don, prithee make him
A what dee callt, a ſetting dog, a centinell
Ile mend his weekely pay.
Guz. Hee ſhall deſerve it.
Vouchſafe employment honourable
Ful. Marry.
The Dons a generous Don.
Aur 1. Unfit to looſe him,
Command doth limit us ſhort time for revells,
Wee muſt be thrifty in them, none I truſt,
Repines at theſe delights, they are free and harmeleſſe,
After diſtreſſe at ſea, the dangers ore,
Safety and welcomes better taſte a ſhore.

EPILOGVE.

THe Court's on riſing; tis too late
To wiſh the Lady in her fate
Of tryall now more fortunate.
Averdict in the Iuries breſt,
Will be given up anon at leaſt,
Till then tis fit we hope the beſt.
Elſe if there can be any ſtay,
Next ſitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

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